Poison Gas and the Coming Peace . . . By Houston Peterson

THE
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Poison Gas and the Coming Peace

Fumes from the Overheated Cellars of Nationalism

HOUSTON PETERSON

SOME years before the Munich pact I began to collect gems—gems of nationalistic boasting from all parts of the world. It was a grim hobby which disturbed my sleep but it helped to prepare me for the catastrophes to come. More fascinating than monsters at a side-show, these verbal specimens were both symbols and causes of contemporary history. One might wonder how any sane, responsible person could make such remarks—but there they were, well authenticated and writhing with sincerity.

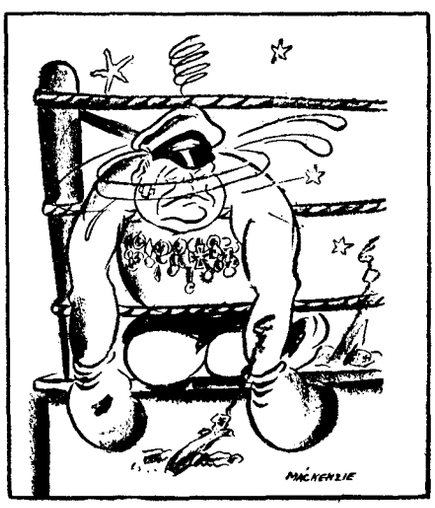
To set a standard, to establish a norm at once, let us begin with the master screamer of the master race. Of course, he had his predecessors, his teachers, his models, but there was never, never quite his equal. He has exhibited a unique genius for galvanizing his followers—and offending everybody else. The storm, so full of sound and fury, is foreshadowed in a single sentence in an address of 1922: "We as National Socialists and members of the German Workers Party—a party pledged to work—must be on principle the most fanatical Nationalists." (The words "fanatical," "intolerant," and "blind" are used in a *laudatory* sense throughout Hitler's speeches and "Mein Kampf," whereas civilized men have more and more agreed to use them as words of opprobrium.) "Mein Kampf," a new translation of which has just been published*, is a one-thousand page paean to German supremacy in all things—including peace! On the very last page the author wrote—"A State which, in this age of racial poisoning, dedicates itself to the care of its best racial elements, must some day become lord of the earth." His running comment on his attempt to achieve that mastery is too familiar.

Hitler's numerous henchmen have competed with him in brutal blatancy. For example, Dr. Rosenberg, the official philosopher of Naziism has explained that "Teutonic values of character are the standard measure to which everything else is bound to conform." "The idea of Honor—National Honor—is for us the beginning and end of all thought and action." "What serves German Honor is the one and only law."

"As for me," Goering confides, "I am subjective, I commit myself to my people and acknowledge nothing else on earth. I thank my Maker for having created me without a sense of objectivity." And a few months after the war began, Dr. Robert Ley summed up the situation: "The German Race, that is our faith. It has higher rights than all others. We have the divine right to rule and we shall assure ourselves of that right."

OVER and over again, to our bitter amusement and our anger, we have heard about the unique, the miraculous powers of the German soul, the German mind, the German body. Over and over again, to our increasing disgust, we have heard about the supremacy, the invincibility of German arms—but not so much lately!

What of "that great man south of the Alps" as Hitler wrote reverently of Mussolini in "Mein Kampf"—what of that great man "who, full of love for his people, would not deal with the internal enemies of Italy, but pushed their annihilation in every way, and by all means"? It is too easy to pick out specimens from that flood of balcony bombast and to recall the strident voice, the truculent jaw, the Caesarean strut. But a brief gem from a 282-page rhapsody on Mussolini may be refreshing. "He tames fortune, masters destiny. He has dominated the most perilous situations, he has released the spark from nothing, he has arrested and deviated the stream of history. He has created a people. He has aroused a Nation. He has organized a State, has fused a block of will, of hearts, of souls, of power." Who has not wanted to deflate that creature?



—*New York Post*

"I am subjective."

On the eve of the Ethiopian War, the Black Shirt Militia adopted a code, a creed of conquest, which we may now read with peculiar interest.

> The march of the Black Shirts is a fulfillment of human justice and a victory of civilization. No enemy can surprise us, not even by swifter movements. Black Shirts have cat's eyes that ferret out and see far, and they are always able to counter any attack. At the first crack of rifles the Black Shirts will see the mighty figure of Il Duce. They will see him enthroned in the background of the sky behind the enemy, like a gigantic vision, a heroic dream of war. This will be a spiritual reality, meaning that the Black Shirts, terrible and splendid, smash all resistance, bombs in hands, daggers between teeth and sovereign disdain for danger in their hearts.

Obviously such talk is a poison which temporarily intoxicated masses of Italians and produced general nausea elsewhere.

These are among the more extreme samples of nationalistic boasting, but we shall be doing ourselves no favor if we imagine that the Axis has an exclusive world monopoly on the operation of the gas works. It should be

*MEIN KAMPF. By Adolf Hitler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 687 pp. $2.50.

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not only embarrassing but helpful to recognize our own skills or propensities in the same field. Far be it from me to deplore at any time, least of all now, a sincere and generous love of country. Patriotism does not mean rampant self-praise and nations are not drawn together by competing superlatives.

Up, then, with the mirror. Psychologists have suggested that the English do not indulge in much uncouth boasting because they are so sure of their own superiority and do not have to proclaim it—often. But so sympathetic an observer as Emerson found that "the habit of brag runs through all classes, from *The Times* newspaper through politicians and poets," and brings forth in unsuspected places "the most innocent exhibition of unflinching nationality."

When an Englishman praises anything, Emerson noted, "his climax is 'so English'; and when he wishes to pay you the highest compliment, he says I should not know you from an Englishman."

"An English lady on the Rhine hearing a German speaking of her party as foreigners, exclaimed, 'No, we are not foreigners; we are English; it is you that are foreigners'."

No doubt "this little superfluity of self-regard in the English brain" was the outgrowth of centuries of island isolation and independence, but it has for centuries caused world-wide resentment and malicious satisfaction in English setbacks, especially in Asia. Until the Nazis began to make their claims, arrogance seemed to culminate in the doctrine of "the white man's burden" or the natural inferiority of most of mankind. That extraordinary combination of commercialism, philanthrophy, and hypocrisy produced wounds throughout the East that may not heal for generations. The laureate of imperial egotism was Kipling, of course, and his works form an anthology of fateful national pride, or a reservoir of ill-will, to paraphrase Mr. Willkie's recent phrase.

Some years ago "the fine English art of bragging by indirections" was forgotten by Vice Admiral C. K. Chetwode when he was addressing a group of naval cadets on Trafalgar Day: "Some people say we are brothers. That is not true. Don't believe a word of it. The English people descended from a unique stock and as a result are the finest fighting race known."

There is a good reason to believe that intelligent Englishmen find such statements not only indiscreet but indefensible.

Although far surpassed in recent years by the Nazis and the Fascists, we Americans have ranked very high

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The Drama of the Battle of Attu

BRIDGE TO VICTORY. The Story of the Reconquest of the Aleutians. By Howard Handleman. New York: Random House. 1943. 275 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

THE Aleutians are a battlefield no longer. The Japanese have left the fog-shrouded island chain that stretches westward from Alaska toward the stronghold of our enemies, and there remain now only the graves of their shattered dead and the mystery of why they came. The story of their coming and how they were fought back from Alaska's shores by the great heroism of our fliers, and how they were driven from the islands themselves by the fighting courage of our soldiers, is just beginning to come out now. Howard Handleman tells the first complete story in a book that does full justice to this strange battle, which was as much a war against nature as against the enemies from Nippon.

The Aleutians was certainly one of the toughest battlefields in this war, tougher than the desert, as tough in their own way as the jungles of New Guinea. They represented another extreme of physical hardship: cold, rain, eternal fog, and barrenness. The troops arrived in the rain, they fought in the rain and died in the rain, and when the clouds lifted infrequently they saw nothing but the waste and empty hills, rolling and covered with tundra in which they sank up to their knees. This was the vista they had as they arrived in the landing barges—the hills, a rocky beach, and snow-patches that looked like smoke drifting across the barren land. It was a war that was not only tough to fight in the physical sense, but tough on morale too. It is hard to keep your spirits up when you have nothing but rain and fog day after day.

Howard Handleman, correspondent for International News Service, followed the Aleutians battle all the way out from Dutch Harbor, where it really began. It was a much longer fight than the three weeks it took to exterminate the Japanese on Attu. It involved planning a whole intricate campaign which began with the strengthening of the Dutch Harbor base and the construction of airfields (the major factor in keeping the enemy away from Alaska), and then extending our reach with bases and airfields on two more islands, Adak and Amchitka, from which it was possible to reconnoiter and bomb the Japanese positions on Kiska and Attu. Then, and then only, could the plans for retaking the two captured islands begin to operate. More than anything else, the physical stamina and courage of the amazingly young American troops was responsible for the successful conclusion of the campaign. They had to cope not only with nature and the enemy, but with mistakes made in their training and equipment.

It seems strange, for instance, that the men who took Attu were trained in a California desert in the very opposite kind of weather they were to experience later. They felt the effects of that before they ever landed on the island; aboard the transports there were waves of colds which laid out a good many of the men and worried the doctors badly. Captain Richard Haverly, a medic on board the ship on which Handleman sailed, was also worried about the men's feet. He wanted to get the soldiers oil so that they could massage each other's feet—an idea that might have saved many a man for fighting later on. There were lots and lots of men with frozen feet in the Attu campaign, and Handleman met Captain Haverly again on the island, doing his best to save them by simply keeping their feet out in the open air and the rest of their bodies warm. Rubbing with snow broke the skin and caused gangrene.

The frozen feet came from one fundamental mistake, which Handleman calls "the worst mistake of the expedition. The men were equipped with fine, heavy, black-leather boots," he says,

> the best hunting boot made. Aleutian soldiers wear them too, on dry days. But on ordinary days the soldier in an Aleutian garrison wears rubber, the only thing that can protect his feet against the eternal wetness of the islands. May 12th was a hot day on Attu, with the sun shining most of the time and the men's faces getting sunburned. But Natzke's men suffered frozen feet in their beautiful, black boots which got wet and wouldn't dry.
>
> Wet feet became the same as frost-bitten feet when men were forced into inactivity, as Natzke's men were. Circulation of blood clogged up and the feet became useless. . . . Trench foot was the worst enemy of the troops. When the casualty figures came at the end of the battle, they showed fewer men were wounded in battle by gunfire and bayonet than were forced out of action for varying periods of trench foot.

The most extraordinary part of this book is that which deals with the mass suicide of the Japanese at Chichagof, the last stage of the campaign. The landings of the Americans at Holtz Bay and Massacre Bay had developed, converged and driven the Japanese to this last stronghold. On a Saturday morning the remnants of the enemy garrison charged the Americans. They were "wild-eyed men, without hope. . . . Their attack was frantic, a grandiose gesture without much military point." They swept over the first American encampments like Indian raiders, shooting and shrieking. A group of engineers, newly-armed, broke the first force of the attack. Then the Japanese committed mass suicide. By scores they blew themselves up with grenades. "It was," says Handleman, "total war carried to its ultimate conclusion."

The carnage was unthinkable. "The grenades had a horrible pattern of death," writes Handleman. "They scooped out the chest and head, leaving only the shells of men.

"The death was indecent and obscene. It left nothing but ghastly caricatures of bodies, profaned bodies."

—From the book. Official United States Navy Photo.

Labor battalions take over the battlefield. Many of the uniformed workers are the same men who a few weeks ago bayonetted Japanese soldiers.

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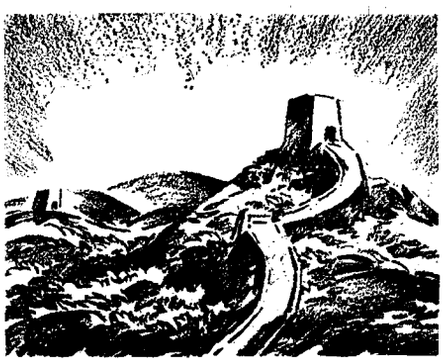
The Americans could not understand it. To them it seemed axiomatic that a man should go down fighting. They thought a good deal about it. To some, it seemed that the mass suicide was a clear indication that Japanese psychology was incapable of facing certain defeat, that in the final moment when the situation was hopeless, the Japanese would collapse under calamity.

Howard Handleman thought about this at length, and he came to some conclusions which to this reviewer seem eminently sound and worthy of note by all who consider the Japanese as a poor fighting man. To him it appeared that "the heart of the whole strange Japanese psychology may have been uncovered on the tundra of Attu." But he says:

> The Jap is not an enemy to be shrugged off because several hundred of his men committed suicide on Attu. They committed suicide only after a merciless beating of almost three weeks, a beating administered by as tough a soldier as the world has seen, the American.
>
> The Jap is tough, too. The fanaticism that leads hundreds of Japs to accept death rather than violate the tradition, the fetish against surrender is only part of his toughness. The positive side of the tough quality of the Jap soldier was shown by the fight that he put up during the weeks before he accepted defeat.

The battle of the Aleutians, the first battle of this war to be waged on American soil, can teach us a great deal. I should like to point out that in this battle the reporters who went with the troops suffered as much hardship, encountered dangers as great as the troops themselves. They should be given full credit. And when they come back and write a book as sound and to the point as this one, they deserve to have their words read and taken to heart. Howard Handleman has given us not only a dramatic report of a long and arduous campaign, but a worthwhile study of our enemy.

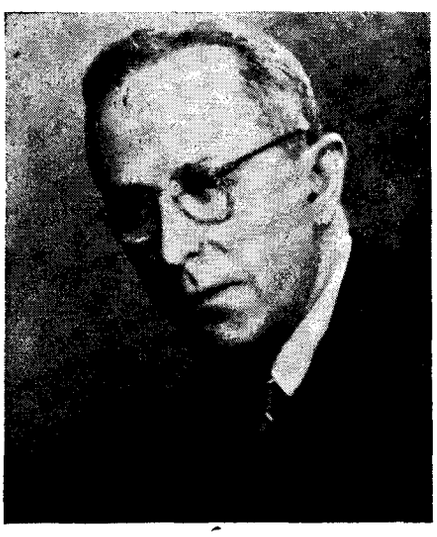


Case History in China

MY LIFE IN CHINA, 1926-1941. By Hallett Abend. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 296 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

"IN order to conquer the world," wrote Premier Baron Tanaka in 1927 to the Emperor, "we must first conquer China. If we succeed in conquering China, the rest of the Asiatic countries and the South Sea countries will fear us and surrender to us. Then the world will realize that Eastern Asia is ours. . . . Having the resources of China at our command, we shall proceed to conquer India, the Archipelago, Asia Minor, Central Asia, and even Europe."



—*George Maillard Kesslere*
Hallett Abend

And after the fall of Singapore, Professor Sunekichi Komaki, Japan's leading geopolitiker, broadcasted to his countrymen the official Japanese claim to all the land surfaces of the world as its "Co-Prosperity Sphere" and to all waters of the planet as part of the central Great Japanese Sea.

Neither Tanaka's nor Komaki's utterances are quoted in Mr. Abend's fascinating memoirs of the sixteen years he spent in China as correspondent for *The New York Times*. Yet these words appear like a sinister handwriting between the lines of each page of a book that shows the education of an intelligent American who went to China to discover a volcano whose inevitable eruption, so he slowly perceived, would shake the foundations of Asia and of our Western world as well.

To the student of international politics, Mr. Abend's book reveals a startling case history of the relationship between the press as a first-ranking power in modern politics and the official representatives of the great nations in the power game. When Mr. Abend, in 1927, had the unexpected break to become *The New York Times* representative in Peking (incidentally, the charm and beauty of this venerable city is nostalgically pictured in these memoirs), he began a career which was to identify him, to the mighty ones in Asia, with the world power of his paper. Admirals, generals, and prime ministers eagerly sought his friendship and advice, and even his good services in matters of utmost political importance which they did not dare direct through the official channels. No wonder that Mr. Abend grew in stature; a sincere, unbiased, and critical eye-witness of China's great drama who sometimes even became an actor on the scene itself, he emerged when he began as one of the few unofficial ambassadors of this nation in Asia.

The book has style and bristles with frankness. It is the story of a man who learned the hard way about the fateful meaning of the rising tide from Japan. He also learned that his countrymen at home as well as American high officials in the East refused to see these growing dangers. The account of these experiences makes the reader understand why the tragedy of Pearl Harbor met the American people and their leadership so unprepared.

It is impossible, in a brief review, to describe the many highlights of these memoirs: the report, in President Chiang Kai-shek's own narrative, of his kidnapping in Sian, the picture Mr. Abend paints of his heroes. Admirals Yarnell and Hart (in contrast to the former American Ambassador to China, Dr. Johnson, and General MacArthur, of whom the author is most critical), the Chinese War-Lords opposing Chiang Kai-shek, the feud between Army and Navy cliques and Foreign Office in Japan, or the questions which Mr. Abend raises in appraising the battle for peace in Asia. The reader who knows Mr. Abend's previous book, "Pacific Charter," will find that he now seems to stress more the paramount role which the Soviet Union will undoubtedly play in shaping the future destinies of the Asiatic peoples.

All in all, this is an important book. May many in high offices read it and heed its warnings.

A new goal of $27,000,000, to be achieved by Christmas, has been set by the National Book and Author War Bond Committee. This quota is exactly double the original quota which was based on $6,500,000 War Bond sales made in six experimental Book and Author rallies held last spring.

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Two Lives and Then Some

LIFE IS TOO SHORT. By C. Kay-Scott (Frederic Creighton Wellman). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1943. 348 *pp.* $3.50.

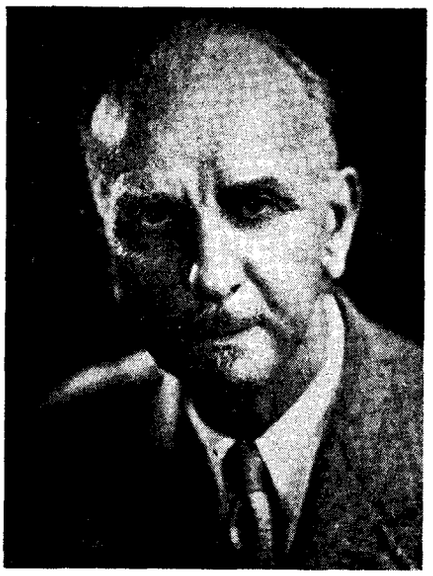
Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

FREDERIC CREIGHTON WELLMAN, who is now seventy-three years old, is, he tells us, of a Devon family which migrated to Virginia "several generations ago." He was born in Independence, Missouri, and taken to Westport as an infant; there and at Rosedale he spent his childhood. When he was nine, he determined to go to Africa; he became a qualified doctor of medicine, married Lydia Jeannette Isely, and about two years later, after the birth of his eldest son Paul, went to Central Africa as medical officer to the American Mission in Bihé. He distinguished himself in that country as a friend of the Negroes, and as a student in tropical diseases, on which he published many treatises, and contributed much to learned periodicals in Berlin, Rome, and London. After study and adventure in England, Dr. Wellman returned to his country; he was divorced from his wife and lost thereby his four children. He was given a post at Tulane University, New Orleans. He was married to Edna Willis, whom he had met on a transatlantic crossing. Unfortunately, Dr. Wellman, who must have been an exact man in his work, is sparing of dates in his autobiography and very confused in the sequence of his narrative. How long this marriage lasted does not appear; but it and his career at the University ended in a scandal when he eloped with Elise Dunn (who became known as Evelyn Scott) and changed his name, his career, and even his identity.

Cyril Kay-Scott, according to the 1940-41 edition of "Who's Who in American Art," was born near Richmond, Virginia, on January 3, 1879. Dr. Wellman is of course not responsible for that entry, but it shows how successful he was for a time in separating Scott from Wellman, that a work of reference should make the new individuality ten years younger and invent a birthplace for him. He went to Brazil, worked for the Singer Company, explored the valley of the Amazon, wrote old-fashioned verses, became a rancher, had trouble with his mother-in-law, wrote "notes about my thinking," translated Brazilian verse, held a job with the International Ore Corporation; this career ended when, engaged in hush-hush work for the British Government (in 1917 or 1918 apparently) he was nearly killed by a German agent.

Back in New York after the war Kay-Scott decided to become an author; he had already, as Richard Irving Carson, written for the pulp magazines. He lived in Barrow Street, knew many authors, and "didn't like Greenwich Village." What the Village felt for him is not on the record. He published a novel "Blind Mice," contributed to various magazines, and was on the staff of *The Daily Garment News*. Living was expensive; and he had a son by Evelyn Scott, who also sent her mother money. The abandoned Wellman children were apparently not Kay-Scott's charge. For a year he worked for the Guaranty Trust Company, then became a farm manager for Swinburne Hale. Hale left his wife and went to Bermuda and Kay-Scott went with him; and continued to write books which had high critical praise and low sales. He decided to become a painter, and divorced Evelyn Scott who, he thought, liked Greenwich Village too much—"following my wife's and my first separation other women naturally came into my life temporarily. Love, even for a night, can, with self-respect and human decency on both sides, be an exciting or even beautiful adventure." Can there have been too much competition in the Village?

Kay-Scott then went to Paris, and from there, learning to paint, travelled through Europe. He was alone with his son Creighton. They travelled to Africa, and lived near Algiers. Two years passed and Kay-Scott had an exhibition in Paris and was "discovered" by Roger Fry whom Scott naturally claims as "the acutest thinker on modern art writing in English." He became a well-known figure in Paris art circles; went on trips with Roger Fry, with whom was his "closest friendship." Unfortunately Cyril Kay-Scott's name does not appear in Virginia Woolf's biography of Fry. He went to London and met what was called "the Bloomsbury set." Then back in Paris, where he met—"in the prime of life"—the love of his life, Mademoiselle Elise-Marie-Edviges. Her age is not mentioned, nor the year; but it must have been in the 'twenties, so Kay-Scott was probably fifty-five or more. They could not marry as Elise's parents refused consent, so "we had an irregular ménage for several years, living in France, Italy, Switzerland, Tunis and various parts of Europe and North Africa." Kay-Scott had further successes as a painter, decided to return to America. Although Elise had a fortune, Kay-Scott refused to accept any money, even the conventional *dot* which she was anxious to contribute to their unconventional union. While he was in America trying to make



C. Kay-Scott, an essentially conventional man who led a very unconventional life.

"real money," Elise died—"something seemed to die in me too." After this grave shock—once more I must lament the absence of dates—Cyril Kay-Scott went to Santa Fé with Miss Phyllis Crawford and started the Cyril Kay-Scott School of Painting. He married Miss Crawford. They moved to El Paso, Texas, and he started another school "which was also very profitable." He studied psycho-analysis, and thinks as poorly of it as of Greenwich Village.

He then became Director of the Denver Art Museum and Dean of the College of Fine Arts in the University of Denver. He and Miss Crawford were divorced. He studied esthetics and decided that art "was not a logical but an emotional ordering of reality." While Kay-Scott was at Denver, Evelyn Scott wrote "Eva Gay"—"It was founded on my life . . . as a portrait it was unrecognizable, but it contained events." One of Dr. Wellman's sons read it—he, his two brothers, and his sister agreed that their father was "the man in 'Eva Gay'." They got in touch with him, and there was a family reunion. Two of the sons, Paul and Manly, are authors, Frederic is a botanist, and Alice, the daughter, is a singer and teacher of music. The reunion was nearly ten years ago. The last chapter of "Life Is Too Short" tells of the author's delight in his children and their ardent appreciation of him and of one another. And "there is still a woman."

This inadequate summary of "Life Is Too Short" shows that Dr. Wellman has had an unusual career. Unfortunately his autobiography does not portray him as a remarkable man. Intellectually very precocious, he gives no signs of ever having reached maturity in living. His book is exciting, often lively and picturesque, and of

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the greatest interest to students of human behavior and character. His daughter has spoken of his "demoniac pride"; but an outsider will detect little but that efficient vanity which so often appeals to women. Dr. Wellman himself is amazingly blind to the facts of his own character. He writes thus of his refusal to use Elise's money, or even allow her to support herself:

> there was something inside me that warned against too easy ways. Were I in any degree to become a contingent being, the tenor and cohesion of my inner self would lessen.

His own narrative shows clearly that he has always been "contingent," helplessly dependent on one woman or another. Such a man very often protests independence, even arrogantly, because he is secretly ashamed and aware. Frederic Creighton Wellman wouldn't go to Africa in his youth without a wife, and chose his wife because she was willing to go there. Cyril Kay-Scott, in middle-life, elopes with Elise Dunn and writes:

> The only really important thing that turned the scale was, as in the case of my first wife, that Miss Dunn was the only woman I knew at the time who would consent to go to the tropics with me.

And, after the tragedy of Elise's death, when he goes to Santa Fé, he cannot go alone: "I should not omit to say that when I came West I brought with me Miss Phyllis Crawford"—even if a man can thus refer to a woman as though she were an innovation trunk or a tooth brush, he displays his dependence. All through the book I kept asking the author 'Why not go alone?'; and this touching dependence on female companionship vitiates, I feel, the comparison made by Dr. Paul I. Wellman in his introduction to the book. He compares his father with Richard Burton; but who can imagine Burton wanting a woman on his adventures? Who indeed can imagine Burton ever marrying had not the fierce will of that vivid young Isabel captured and tamed him?

Except for its amazing lack of humor, "Life Is Too Short" is a fascinating record. It is the story of a very masculine individual who appears to think there is some occult virtue in masculinity. It is the story of a man of great intellectual ability, a great learner, a good teacher but not at all profound or subtle. It is the story of an essentially conventional man who has led a very unconventional life. It is the story of a man who has so little knowledge of his own character, its virtues and vices, that one suspects his judgment of others. Finally it is a story of dogged pertinacity, of great achievement, and of superb ability to take chances—with a woman to support him—and make the most of them.

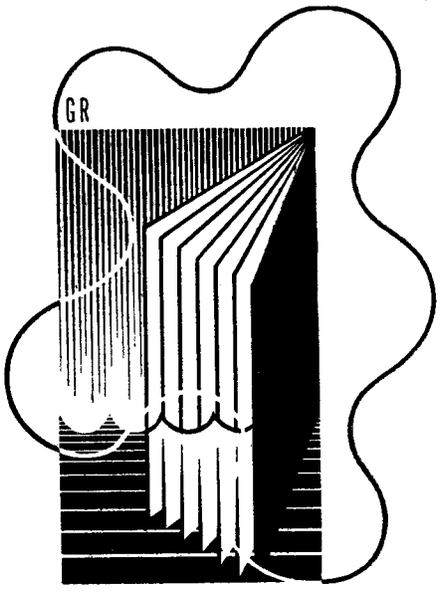
A Packing of Kiplingiana

A CHOICE OF KIPLING'S VERSE. Made by T. S. Eliot, With an Essay on Rudyard Kipling. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 306 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CARL T. NAUMBURG

MR. ELIOT'S volume assumes particular importance not only as a scholarly and intelligently chosen anthology but in an even greater measure because his essay represents an outstanding contribution in the field of criticism of an author of great stature who has been heretofore almost entirely neglected by the writers and commentators of his time. Henry James and Andrew Lang wrote of Kipling many years before he had reached his full literary attainments, and the scholarly comments of Dixon Scott, Edward Shanks, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, and Walter Prichard Eaton were in their nature circumscribed in popular attention. Mark Twain's fulsome praise of Kipling as a very young man is almost entirely autobiographical, while Edmund Wilson in "The Wound and the Bow" presents a highly debatable and essentially personal point of view which has found limited acceptance by students of Kipling and Kipling's admirers.

The publication of such an anthology presents in itself a controversial subject. Considering the immensity of the field, the enormous range of subject matter and form, the selections appear very well balanced, indicating a thorough study and familiarity with Kipling's poetry, which includes his later writings. By way of example, one might wish that "South Africa," an uncollected and bitterly censorious poem, had been included to dispel



partially the repeated charges of Kipling's blind imperialism; but such omissions are unimportant in judging an altogether excellent selection, especially as it is obvious that the essay and not the anthology is of importance.

Eliot has established many heretofore unmentioned and arresting comments and has apparently and very fortunately realized that an author's early life, hardships, political views, and personality are of scant account in arriving at a just evaluation of his poetry and prose. He has avoided the pitfalls of pseudo-psychoanalytical attempts to read into Kipling's prose and poetry influences which have no bearing upon his mastery of verse and the narrative form. He has remained aloof from the repeated charges of vulgarity and earthiness and has undertaken his task in the realization that in the final analysis it is what an author writes that is the proper subject of critical comment, not the unrelated forces and currents that entered into his life.

The essayist's intelligent understanding of his subject is revealed in the first page of his preface in his comprehension that "a knowledge of his prose is essential to the understanding of his verse, and a knowledge of his verse is essential to the understanding of his prose." However, his thesis that "the starting point for Kipling's verse is the motive of the ballad-maker" is open to vigorous challenge and decided question; and his selections for his anthology in themselves furnish proof and substance to that challenge. Obviously the definition of a "ballad maker" is one which may vary widely and subject matter rather than form is the generally understood criterion. At random, it would require a considerable stretch of the term "ballad" to classify "Dedication from Barrack Room Ballads," "Gehazi," "Sussex," and many others as ballads in the accepted sense. It is altogether likely that much of Kipling's verse is undefinable as to accepted form. Would it not be better to admit this as a fact rather than attempt to force it into a mold although Eliot does admit that such an effort would be "misleading"?

The essayist is to be commended in that he has taken to task those who decry Kipling's poetry because it is "political" and he has shown very clearly the essential difference between a political subject and a topical theme. This comment alone should go a great way in dispelling the constantly recurring charge of crass imperialism that has been the catch

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phrase of so much indiscriminate criticism of Kipling's verse.

No critic has heretofore explained that Kipling is "completely ambidextrous, that is to say completely able to express himself in verse or prose" and while this fact cannot be said to be newly discovered evidence this heretofore unrecognized characteristic seems to have eluded other critics and commentators and constitutes a fresh tribute to Kipling's versatility.

Those who admire and enjoy Kipling—and their number is legion (despite the allegations of Edmund Wilson)—owe a further debt of gratitude to Eliot for his discernment in realizing that the lack of social justice to the discharged soldier has been the partial motive of numerous ballads with Tommy Atkins as the subject. Other critics in decrying earthiness, seeking flaws, and searching for imperialistic bias, have entirely overlooked this point of view. It is also noteworthy that Eliot realizes and appreciates the tolerance of Kipling, a fact which up to this time seems to have escaped critical attention. It may well be added that, to this reviewer's knowledge, no critic of Kipling has either properly grasped or attempted to express the fact that to Kipling the British Empire was not an idea but "it was something the reality of which he felt. And in his expression of his feeling he was not aiming at flattery of national, racial or imperial vanity or attempting to propagate a political program."

Eliot has dealt sparingly and fairly with the paucity and shortcomings of past and contemporary criticisms of Kipling but he has shown an awareness that the lazy critic is tempted to belittle through lack of effort and understanding. The thoroughness and erudition of this scholarly preface, in contradistinction to other writings on the same subject, will forever clear the essayist should any indiscriminate charge be made. For this reason it is difficult to understand his assertion that Kipling's poetry lacks form and pattern. This criticism does not coincide with either his knowledge or understanding, for it would seem apparent that the essayist's realization that Kipling's versatility, range of subject matter, and variety of form cannot conform to what Henry James called "the figure in the carpet" is one of many elements which constitute Kipling's greatness. Those who have an interest in and possess a knowledge of Kipling can hardly fail to disagree with Eliot's statement that Kipling was a hymn writer even though "Recessional" was thrust into that category when it was set to music. It seems obvious that this poem can hardly be bracketed with the traditional hymn by any accepted standard.

It is generally understood that it is the duty of a review of this sort to assume a critical approach. To do so in the case of Eliot's preface is difficult because of its high attainment and its few and at the same time controversial shortcomings. Whether or not we agree or disagree with certain opinions, it is evident that this essay will always be regarded as a work of outstanding importance in the field of Kiplingiana as long as Rudyard Kipling's prose and poetry are read and appreciated.

The Demigod of Evil

THE WAR FOR MAN'S SOUL. By Ernest Jackh. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 295 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

TO Dr. Jackh, Hitler is an agent of something even more sinister than military destruction. He is a demigod of evil, a "re-creator of the world" in the sense that he seeks to refashion the soul of man after his own likeness. The ultimate blasphemy is incarnate in him. These things have already been said by commentators on the Nazi movement, but the founder of the famed Berlin *Hochschule für Politik* has possibly spelled them out in terms Americans can understand. It still seems to us incredible that the issue can really be between good and evil. Perhaps one must have lived under the terror, as Jackh did, to realize what it means.

He wears a good part of his heart on his sleeve. After 1930, he was engaged in the final German struggle against Nazism. Three years later he was scheming to prevent an institution which was an act of allegiance to the democratic creed from being perverted into a sinister propaganda weapon. One long chapter describes his conversations with Hitler on the subject. But the best sections of the book set forth the efforts of German Democrats, in the narrower sense, to prevent what happened. This group had not been accorded sufficient attention outside Germany. It consisted of intelligent idealists who tried to divine the trend of modern social development. They had ideas, plenty of them, but they lacked ways of finding mass support for those ideas. Possibly this weakness was not their fault. Nothing could be more difficult than to convey to people who are not thinking the product of deep thought. Jackh quotes examples which will seem strange to many of his readers, but are in fact plainly and simply true. Thus he shows that poor Moeller van der Bruck, whose "Third Reich" the Nazis expropriated, was by no means a Nazi but a man who realized that Europe could not live in the straitjacket of pre-1914 political, economic, and cultural habit. He presents a Bethmann-Hollweg who foresaw, as did Viscount Grey, the things which were to come. But a Germany in which demonism was latent swept all these men and their successors aside to make room for the "insignificant person" from Braunau.

Ernest Jackh

How shall one overcome Nazism? Jackh has an old-fashioned belief in Providence. President Roosevelt is the predestined antithesis to Hitler. Under the leadership of the American President there began to be obvious in the world of affairs a program, a policy, bearing a spiritual stamp radically different from Hitler's. It is now imperative that this program and this policy be carried through to the end. Jackh has ideas on the subject. Being both a political scientist and a religious idealist, he keeps one foot on terra firma while raising the other in the hope of alighting on some beneficent star. The position may be a little awkward. Thus he writes: "For the safety and continued existence of the world community two factors are indispensable —a fundamental respect for man's soul, and the potential control of the oceans." That may sound like joining fire and the date-palm, Bermuda and a ski-jump. But there is a good deal in it nevertheless. The South Germans whom Jackh represents see life that way. And so I think that this book may be termed an honest, heart-warming profession of faith, even as it is a commentary on the well-nigh mortal disease of our time.

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My Student Days in Germany

The Duel: Second of An Occasional Series

STRUTHERS BURT

BEFORE I went to a German university I was told that I would be challenged to a duel; several perhaps, one or two surely. And then I was told what to do.

The tradition of how to behave when challenged to a duel had been handed down from generation to generation of English and American students. You looked very fierce, even if you wanted to laugh at the insulting absurdity, then you began slowly to peel off your coat, and when you had peeled off your coat, you adopted the attitude of what was known as "the boxing." This, I was told, never failed to work, as the German student, so keen about the schläger and the sabre, had a horror of fists. He considered them ungentlemanly.

This, of course, was before the time of Max Schmeling, but I am informed that even the example of that concentration-camp sportsman did not altogether destroy the German dislike of close physical contact, and there were moments in Schmeling's own career when it looked as if he shared the prejudice. The German idea of man-to-man fighting, I discovered, was to sweep aside suddenly, and without warning, a smaller opponent, especially if he wasn't looking, by a straight-arm or a hay-maker, and then to walk away rapidly before the smaller opponent could get to his feet. I never saw this done between men of equal size.

But when it came to duelling, an American, or an Englishman, invariably, as the challenged party, had the advantage. His was the choice of weapons, and why decade after decade this blind-alley had never occurred to the German mind, I don't know. Anyway, decade after decade they had challenged, only to have to capitulate at the cost of considerable national and spiritual discomfort. Occasionally the discomfort was physical — that was when the Englishman or American was really angry. There was the famous story, for example, of the American varsity pitcher who chose baseballs—three, at thirty paces—to the initial amusement of his tormentors. The first ball whistled past his opponent's right ear, the second, past his left, the third, knocked him senseless. And there was the equally famous story of the young Englishman, a crack shot, who chose pistols, and then, in the week preceding the duel, appeared casually in neighboring forests, and whenever he saw people approaching neatly clipped off a topmost pine cone, or something of the sort. On the day of the duel his opponent was ill in bed with a fever.

As most people know, there were, or rather, are, two kinds of German student duelling, forbidden under the recent republic, revived by Hitler who never fought a duel in his life. It is interesting to note that if the Fuehrer in his early days had challenged a student, or other civilian, the student or other civilian would have laughed at him, or if, in a moment of insanity he had challenged an officer, the officer, without ceremony, would have run him through. So far as that was the Fuehrer beneath the social plane of duelling.

Schläger duelling, the ordinary form of student duelling, was—is—a rite, a ritual, a code, and a perverted form of athletics. If you belonged to a fighting-verein, and practically all but the Catholic ones were fighting-vereins, you were supposed to fight at least three schläger duels before you were a member in good standing. Sabre duelling was different—also baseballs and pistols. Sabre duelling meant serious business and so was rare. If you were a foreigner, however, and a member of a fighting-verein, you were more or less excused. With unwonted broad-mindedness, it was admitted that young foreigners, for some strange and amusingly effeminate reason, did not like to go through life looking as if they had survived a good bout of unattended small-pox or a mild case of elephantiasis. As for yourself, the more scars you had, deliberately cultivated, indented welts, the more famous you were. It was like being an All-American with your varsity letter tattoed on your face. When you entered a restaurant, peering about with truculent ice-blue eyes above swollen cheeks, everybody looked at you, and there was a hush, and then everybody whispered. And it was said that German maidens, with feminine willingness to trade masculine beauty for masculine achievement, found such scars irresistible. Virtue fell like nine-pins before them.

I never understood the rationale of schläger duelling; it wasn't fun, and it wasn't sport, and it wasn't in the least hazardous, and it wasn't even very skilful. But then, I am a barbarian and a member of a decadent democracy. It was supposed to train young men to hardihood and the sight

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Danse Macabre

of blood, but it seemed to me with considerable less loss of time, and with none of the punctilio, the same results could have been achieved by the misuse of a safety-razor, and then the students could have gone out-of-doors to indulge in some game requiring actual skill and courage. As to the blood theory, if it be true, then butchers are the bravest of men.

THE schläger is an immensely long, thin sword, not much wider than a razor and ground to a razor's sharpness. It is slightly curved, and has a blunt end and a basket hilt to protect your hand. When you fight, you stand close together, one arm behind you, your sword arm crooked and above your head, and all the action is with the wrist. The object is to flick pieces of flesh from the scalp and face of your opponent, and you mustn't give way an inch, or grimace, and, under no circumstances, omit an "ouch!", or its German equivalent. The bouts take place in a hall, or cockpit, designed for the purpose, and there are numerous spectators, most of them members of the vereins involved. There is always a young surgeon in attendance whose duty it is to stop the fight if there is too much loss of blood, or between rounds, to sew up long wounds and doctor small ones. He operates in as brutal a manner as possible in order to further indoctrinate the young men in courage, also in order that the scars may heal badly. This, naturally, is good for the young surgeon, too—it teaches him not to be sentimental in his future practice. If you achieve good wounds, you put salt in them and keep them open to make spectacular scars.

Schläger duelling is an unbelievably gory spectacle. Foreigners with weak stomachs have been known to vomit. And the tendency to turn green is not helped by the foul air, the pipe and cigarette smoke, and the smell of fresh or stale beer. But schläger duelling is

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none the less fundamentally harmless, for your eyes are protected by heavy goggles and all the rest of you above the waist, by heavy quilted padding. Sometimes parts of your chest are left bare in order, as suggested by *Simplicissimus* and other light-minded periodicals, to have something interesting to show your bride on her wedding night.

My two duels, or rather, challenges, sprang out at me unexpectedly as I had been warned they would. I hadn't done a thing. And both were important. They weren't schläger duels—my enemies wanted to hurt me. The first time I had merely objected to a drunken student, with a little round verein hat, leaning on my shoulder—he hadn't even been introduced to me; and the second time I had merely left word that I wasn't "at home" when a small, non-verein student, with a miniature female daschund, came for Sunday breakfast the sixth time without invitation to the apartment I shared with two other Americans—one studying painting, the other architecture—with whom I had gone to an American university. It wasn't my fault, anyhow. Being soft-hearted, or perhaps weak-minded, I might have let the student and the daschund in, but the two other Americans said "no." They said, with considerable heat, that "they were goddamned if they were going to live with a German and a dog all the rest of their lives." So they instructed Hilda, our maid of all work, whose figure was becoming increasingly embarrassing to three young bachelors, due to the persistent attentions of a sergeant in the Bavarian Army, to say that we "were out." Hilda did everything she was told, which perhaps accounted for her figure.

THE big scarred student had come up to a long table in a beer-hall where I was sitting with some friends, also non-verein men. He recognized them graciously and they fluttered like doves at his condescension. Then he came over and, without a word, leaned on me. After a while I asked him in my bad German if he would mind not doing so. He looked down at me as if a hat-rack had spoken, and resumed his conversation. I did, of course, the inevitable; I drew back my elbow and let him have it in his well-lined ribs. The results were dramatic; being not too well balanced, he slid across the floor and ended up against another table. As he was an extremely large young man, for a moment I was pleased, and then I realized I had done something serious. He gathered himself together, stood up straight, minced across the floor toward me, clicked his heels, bowed, and said, "Come outside."

My non-verein friends were white and grave. Only one of them spoke, a man named Hans Reddig. I shall never forget him. "I shall act as your second," he said.

I followed the large student toward the vestibule, between what seemed unending tables filled with people who raised their heads and stared at me. Just a foot or so over my head fluttered an American eagle, a badly scared look in his eyes, and preceding him was a barred and starred flag that wavered considerably. Nobody saw these but me. Every foot we advanced the large student looked larger. We pushed through the revolving inner door of the vestibule and the large student clicked his heels again and bowed. He seemed unpleasantly sober.

"Your card," he said, and, reaching in his pocket gave me his.

I was fighting for time.

"Do you make a habit of leaning on strangers?" I asked in a weak voice.

"Do not be insolent," he said," it will only make it worse for you. My second will call on you tomorrow. The good Reddig has said that he will act as yours."

He should not have called me "insolent," and he should not have sneered at me—Germans always overdo things. Recollection flooded my brains like returning blood. "Very well," I said. "We'll fight here," and I began to take off my coat. No one except a small, slight man knows the exquisite pleasure of frightening a big one. There's hardly anything in the world just like it. And then the continuing pleasure of bullying him! For the most part small men never get a chance to bully anyone except smaller women.

"Oh, no!" said the huge scarred student, looking away from me, "Gentlemen do not fight that way!"

"English and American gentlemen do," I said, and advanced.

The situation was saved by the arrival of what seemed to me scores of other students, verein and non-verein men. The verein men, corps brothers of the large and drunken one, said he had broken all rules by challenging me while drunk. He must apologize. I only hope I wasn't too eager . . . I'm likely to be when relieved.

My duel with the owner of the female daschund was even simpler. I simply tore up his card and threw the pieces at his feet. By that time I was bored, old in the ways of duels, and hardened. The Monday morning after the Sunday on which Hilda had told him we "were out," the owner of the daschund came up to me in the rotunda of the university, and clicked his heels, and bowed, and handed me his card. He was small and round and had dark curly hair and large round eyes, gentle as those of his daschund.

"Why do you give me this?" I asked, looking at the card, although, of course, I knew. "I know your name already."

"I smelled you," he said. 'I smelled all of you—you were eating breakfast. You lied to me, and insulted me. You smelled obviously."

He had told me that he was the only son of a rich and widowed mother.

I tore up his card and flung the pieces at his feet.

"Go away quickly," I said wearily, "or I will slap you." He went away, a look of heartfelt gratitude in his eyes.

When later, during the First World War, I heard, and many times, and on excellent authority, that the Germans, despite their immense courage, didn't like hand-to-hand fighting, I wasn't surprised.

Tablet for Some Ruins

By Christopher Morley

(It has been suggested that the ruins of Berlin be preserved a thousand years, under international police guard, as the only fitting Memorial and Witness of Total War.)

THIS WAS BERLIN . . . the tourist passed
The Shameful Gate, and saw the vast
Preserve: a cindered shattered zone
Of stink and rubble, steel and stone,
Left as it perished in the blast.

With green already overgrassed
Were Chancellery and Sportspalast;
But for the guides, none would have known
This was Berlin.

In flaming roaring overcast;
No glory here, poor flesh held fast
The city where the seed was sown
Ripened a harvest of its own—
An ash-heap, where men say aghast
This was Berlin.

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Ground of Hope and Conflict

Two Reviews by Frederick Gruin

THE FORGOTTEN ALLY. By Pierre Van Paassen. New York: Dial Press. 1943. 343 pp. $2.75.

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN, who has become one of Zionism's ardent adherents, has written an impassioned plea for the Jewish national home in Palestine and a stinging "J'accuse!" of the British Colonial Office. Several years ago, in an illuminating chapter of "Days of Our Years," Mr. Van Paassen charged that old-guard English imperialists were sabotaging the building of Zion. In "The Forgotten Ally" he takes up the indictment again. In the process he thunders like a Jeremiah, or perhaps like an angry dominie of the Dutch Protestant Church, for which he once studied.

Christendom, as well as a small "clique" of antediluvian colonial agents, gets some of the author's purple lashing. Mr. Van Paassen believes that leaders of Christian society, particularly the churches, have long been derelict in crusading against anti-semitism, which he calls a fundamental "assault on civilization." Moral abdication, he says, fatally encouraged Adolf Hitler:

> Then the Beast, eternal Ashur, could go on stealing and calumniating and massacring without break or check. Then it went beyond the deeds of Nero and Attila, befouling human nature, growing drunk on the blood of saints, and no longer assassinating human dignity, but tearing it to pieces and finishing it off in the slime of its own saliva.

From this warmup Mr. Van Paassen proceeds to a discursive chapter of background. He dips into the breakup of the Ottoman Empire, recalls how Britain and Russia struggled for dominance in the Near East, carefully dispels "the myth of Arab revolt" against the Turks in World War I, sweeps through a vivid, romanticized travelogue on those parts of the Arab world he toured as a foreign correspondent in 1927. The reader is thus prepared for the author's main business: a biting analysis of Britain's role in Palestine.

Mr. Van Paassen is convinced that no conflict exists between the British World War I promise to promote a free united Arabia and the pledge to support a Jewish national home. His point, backed by impressive documentation, is that the British Foreign Office and Arab leaders of 1915-18 understood Palestine was reserved for Zionist settlement. Moreover, he says, Arab and Jew had gotten along amiably.

Pierre Van Paassen

John Van Ess

But the Foreign Office and tradition were stabbed in the back by the Colonial Office. Its agents, led by Sir Ronald Storrs, an *arabisant* and first British Governor of Jerusalem, "corrupted" Arab-Jewish relations. These reactionary empire-builders, says Mr. Van Paassen, feared Zionism's enterprise, its upsetting of the *status quo*,

(*Continued on page 24*)

MEET THE ARAB. By John Van Ess. New York: The John Day Co. 1943. 229 pp. and index. $3.

FORTY-ONE years ago a young Protestant missionary, John Van Ess, journeyed from America to begin a life of service in the Middle East. In time he saw the Old Turk rulers go out, the British come in, the Palestine problem arise, the new Arab states take shape. He poked around the countryside. He taught Arabic to Arabs, broke bread with Bedouin and effendi, became a counselor of sheikhs and kings. In brief, he built up an understanding that makes "Meet the Arab" shine like a mellow lamp in a dark space. For anyone who may be tired of the average war reporter's discovery that Arabs are dirty, clamor for baksheesh, and sell eggs at gyp prices, Mr. Van Ess's book may be recommended as a lively, level-headed refresher.

Mr. Van Ess introduces the "Arab of Asia," whom he knows best, as "an intensely human person" of "generous hospitality, agile mind, and vivid imagination." This Arab is also, by all Western standards, abysmally poor, chronically underfed, tribal-minded, and a problem child for international society. To understand him you have to go a long way back and consider many factors. Mr. Van Ess goes back and considers the factors.

He does it a little bit like a schoolteacher; he has a fondness for sugaring the lessons with humor, pointed anecdote, and sprightly chit-chat. Arabia treads upon six-thousand years of history. Her people say they live on an island—water-washed on three sides, desert-washed on the fourth. The religion of the Quran and the Traditions colors everything: "Allah's name is breathed into the ear of every newborn infant and is the last word on the lips of the graybeard as Azrael takes his soul." The Arabic language —the "sacred" language to 250,000,000 of the world's population—is rich beyond the average Westerner's comprehension. Without the Arabian Golden Age—the five centuries of the Abbasid dynasty—Europe might not have had its own Renaissance.

All this is primer stuff. But Mr. Van Ess is informative without being dull. From background he moves to foreground. He escorts the reader to the nomad's tent, shifts deftly to the plaster palace of his good friend, puritanical King Ibn Saud. There is a

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chapter by Dorothy Van Ess on Arabia's women. Then, back in Mr. Van Ess's hands, the narrative skips across Arabia, from the Madaan marsh-dwellers to the leper who lived in the ruined palace of ancient Palmyra's Queen Zenobia. Nuggets of information keep turning up: you can disgust an Arab by taking your coffee cup in your *left* hand instead of right; you can offend him by exposing in his presence the soles of your feet.

The introduction to the Arab of Asia is complete and solid by the time Mr. Van Ess gets to the controversial problem of Palestine. "It must be solved," he says. Then, drawing on a first-hand study (he lived with Jewish friends in Palestine, he has a fair command of Hebrew), he offers a tolerant, sense-making solution. His plan first appeared in the *Palestine Post* in 1937.

Briefly, Mr. Van Ess proposes a United States of the Near East to include Lebanon, Syria, Jebel Druze, a Jewish state carved out of Palestine, and an Arab state composed of the remainder of Palestine plus Transjordan. He is certain Jew and Arab can live together in peace. Within their community the Jews would be responsible for their own immigration, which is the crux of their dispute with the Arabs. As to Europe's tortured Jews, who might need haven: "Let them return after the war to their homes. . . . If this is impossible, well, what are we fighting for?" Mr. Van Ess records a comment on his proposed U.S.N.E. from Palestine High Commissioner Sir Arthur Wauchope: "I see no objection to this program except this—it is too plausible!"

For the larger problems of the Arab world, Mr. Van Ess has a three-point solution: "Ta'aam, Midhaam, Salaam" —Food, Order, Peace. He believes that "Britain, by and large, is not guilty of the sordid imperialism so often imputed to her." Yet, evidently, he does not consider Britain willing or capable of handling the Middle East's complex troubles on her own. He wants America to help. He argues persuasively.

Norwood F. Allman

"Judge" Allman in China

SHANGHAI LAWYER. By Norwood F. Allman. New York: Whittlesey House. 1943. 283 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

AN autobiographer must, above all, be a good story-teller. His life may be hum-drum and his environment drab, but a skilled writer can impregnate both with meaning and color. Once in a great while, a thrilling life overcomes the handicap of poor writing (*e.g.*, Gordon Seagrave's "Burma Surgeon"). But such instances are rare. Steffens, Farson, Sheean, Van Paassen, Fischer are so successful at autobiography because primarily they are excellent story-tellers.

In my recent reading experience this rule has never been proven truer than in the case of Norwood F. Allman's "Shanghai Lawyer." What could have been an enthralling record of a rich life is anything but enthralling because "Judge" Allman and his collaborator, a former Shanghai newspaperwoman named Frances Russell Kay, have been unable to tell a good story well.

It is a pity, for Mr. Allman has lived a full and satisfying life in circumstances out-of-the-ordinary and in places out-of-the-way. It is a shock too, for in Shanghai "Judge" Allman was known as a fine raconteur and a highly literate man.

A hillbilly from the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, Mr. Allman arrived in China in 1916 as a student interpreter in the U. S. Consular Service. In Peking, he learned the rudiments of the Chinese language, history, law, and customs. (In the end he became so proficient in the language that he once served as a court interpreter, translating a defendant's Cantonese into the judge's Mandarin.) Promoted to consul, he lived in Chinese towns large and small, rubbed his rough edges smooth by contact with the protocol and people of strange lands, acquired a sound knowledge of and a great liking for the Chinese.

In the summer resort of Peitaiho, he married a missionary's daughter. To arrive at his own wedding on time, Mr. Allman had to travel in a Chinese civil war with a suitcase containing his white flannel wedding suit.

In 1922, he was assigned to serve on the Shanghai Mixed Court, to see that justice was done to Americans by a Chinese judge. In this court he took a postgraduate course in Chinese legal procedure which stood him in good stead when he finally resigned from the consular service to take up the private practice of law.

In 1927, "Judge" Allman helped to defend Bolshevik agents seized by the Chinese. On one of his trips to Nanking to see his clients, he was permitted by an obliging warden to room in a jail cell (hotel accommodations being scarce). In the years which followed he defended criminals, handled bankruptcy cases, dealt with insurance and real estate legal tangles, occasionally—and very gingerly—took on divorce cases. When not practising law, he played an excellent game of polo, made friendships, served as head of the American company in the Shanghai Volunteer Corps. With this unit, he helped to guard the Foreign Settlement in days of war and revolution. In 1937, he became publisher and editor of China's greatest newspaper, and was promptly put on the blacklist by the Japanese Army and its Chinese puppets.

December 7, 1941, found "Judge" Allman in Hongkong. He went through the terrible siege, was captured, spent months in a hungry and filthy prisoner camp. Exchanged for Japanese prisoners, he returned home on the *Gripsholm*.

Essentially, this is an interesting life, and its skeleton is within the pages of "Shanghai Lawyer." But it is no more than a skeleton, and even that is misshapen. Potentially exciting vignettes of personal life are cut down to the bone (the story of the trip across the no-man's-land and the wedding is told in twenty-eight lines). Chapters II to V, covering Mr. Allman's earlier six or eight years in China, leave the reader confused and breathless. "Judge" Allman had witnessed events which left a heavy imprint on history: the civil wars of the early twenties, the nationalist revolution of 1926-27, the Japanese attacks on Shanghai in 1932 and 1937, and the Second World War. He had met men and women who made history, beginning with the Chiangs. Yet, the book dismisses them with an indifferent paragraph or page. The Chiangs, to whom Mr. Allman dedicates his book, receive less lineage and attention than his polo ponies.

Back the Attack with War Bonds

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THE COMING SHOWDOWN?

BY this time, we have pretty well cured ourselves of our old oversophistication about economics; the last ten years have smothered most of the old arguments holding that economic determinism was the be-all and end-all of modern society providing the definitive answer to questions about the causes of war and, in general, about the entire range of human conduct. The abrupt awakening came under the pressure of competing ideologies, of which economics was only one part. Other parts of equal and even greater importance concerned the state's concept of itself in relation to its people, its purposes externally and internally, its ideas concerning the shape of a man's head or the cut of his nose, and finally, the techniques by which all these ideas or purposes would be translated into actuality.

But even ideology is no God of All Causes, and we shall be offering no vital contribution to the making of a lasting peace if we think that compatible ideologies alone will be a guarantee against future wars. The existence of democracy on a dominant scale throughout the world would represent a tremendous, perhaps overwhelming, accomplishment in the world's political evolution, and it would be fine if we could have it. But even if we do, there still remain other primary conditions to be met if we are to win the war against war; and there is thus far very little evidence that we are ready to meet these conditions, or, indeed, that they have at least been recognized adequately.

It seems clear that the most important of these new imperatives involves psychology—which is likely to be as important tomorrow as ideology is today and as economic determinisim was supposed to be yesterday. Many of the deep problems that will have to be faced will demand changes in our attitudes and possibly in our values as far-reaching as any material or scientific changes the world has seen in the last five years. At this point we commend to your attention a new book by Col. Carlos P. Romulo, "Mother America," a stirring, stinging, uncomfortable, eloquent, and compelling book* that gives you more of a head start on the future than any new work we can think of.

The nub of Col. Romulo's book is that the differences between the people of East and West are not economic, not ideological, but psychological. With incredible tact and good will, Col. Romulo enables us to see, however much we may balk or blink at the prospect, that the question of world peace will be solved in direct proportion to our ability to cut ourselves loose from our own shortcomings and our own theories of race supremacy—and there is no need to kid ourselves into believing that it should not be called race supremacy. The biggest problem of keeping the peace, we learn from this book, depends not so much upon how we are going to keep a defeated Germany defeated, but how we are going to keep the globe from drifting into a hopeless and needless conflict between East and West.

The hundreds of millions of peoples throughout the East have been carrying their hurts, big and small, quietly for many years. They do not see, nor is there any reason to expect them to see, that the ability of the white man to invent machines and to direct their use, or that his genius for and love of the material things means that he has the right to brush them aside when he walks down the street, that he has the right to prod them as he would mules, that he has the right to govern their nations under tyranny as absolute as any the world has ever seen, that he has the right, finally, to expect them to come to his defense when he is in trouble. Col. Romulo toured the East shortly before Japan attacked and tried to warn the West that these millions of people could be not only articulate when the time came but human as well. But the Western mind did not work that way. The Western mind thought it inconceivable that people could not realize that Japanese rule would be far worse. Ah, but the people didn't care about that. They preferred hypothetical cruelty to existing tyranny; a man in agony is never afraid of change. More than that: in country after country millions were saying, "No matter what may happen, at least we will find revenge."

If this is the picture, and if we are helpless to change it, then we are in the grip of forces which are as powerful as they are ominous. But this is precisely Col. Romulo's argument: the American experiment in the Philippines has worked out so successfully that it can serve as the model for the entire Western world in its dealings with the East. Certainly it is not too late to change for those who have to change; it is not too late to learn what it is the West is doing that is leading to a showdown; it is not too late to compose differences and to lay a groundwork of understanding that will be as fruitful as it might otherwise be dangerous.

Nor need we strain or clutch wildly for the necessary instruction. We need only read our own Bill of Rights and believe in its appeal to others as well as to ourselves. We need only understand that more than a billion human beings who have tasted democracy and found it good will ask that we please not stand in their way. No outside help required, you understand; just to please not stand in their way. We need only realize that the East now understands the workings and the possibilities of the machine and will be in a position to develop tools for progress or tools for war, and our own actions may have a great deal to do with which it shall be. We need only comprehend that the geographical revolution has preceded an evolution in our own thinking on the issue of race by perhaps half a century and that somehow we must be able to make the necessary adjustments *now*.

Finally, we need only know how to tell a human being when we see one.

N. C.

*MOTHER AMERICA. By Col. Carlos P. Romulo. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 234 pp., including appendices. $2.50.

Old Meadow

By Genevieve Taggard

WE found a meadow old with moss,
Walled with new green, lucid and still,
Not more than fifty yards across,
As long as the mountain windowsill.
There evening birds exchange by rote
Perfected oddments echo-pure.
I hear them open on one note,
Serene, secure.

Nothing retreats us from this calm,
So fragile and so seasonal.
Here healing as the scriptural balm
In Gilead, affirms the small
Invisible thrush with delicate throat,
Where we delay or return to hear it,
Of which the importunate psalmist wrote
For the broken spirit.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Ifs" for the First Novelist

SIR: I was very much interested in the remarks of your selected "first" novelists à propos of the question: Would you re-write now? I would like to give my reply to that poser, since I am in a position to re-write my first novel; that realistic detail makes a good difference. Such a question directed to one like me, whose first novel has been read and feelingly remarked upon not by the great multitude of readers, but by a handful of the most esoteric and finicky of critics; to the unpublished writer your question is more than a dialectical exercise. We are the ones to answer it because it is our very real problem.

I believe that until the "undo-able" stamp of the press has been placed upon a writer's work, he suffers continually and excessively from the temptation to re-write. Once the book is printed, then the writer is wedded to it "as is"; indeed it must be a wonderful relief to be once and for all freed from the chance to re-write, to be able to say: "Well, there it is, obviously fated to be what it is, unalterable and done; even though as a result of it, I, perhaps am un-done."

But when the book is not printed, the author of a first novel may have a different answer. I say that the author of a first novel re-writes, and he re-writes because of criticism. Criticism is the goad. He may have entire faith in his work, but he will do *something* to it, usually something that has very little to do with the criticism offered. For he has always an answer to the critics. No, he will get to work at once on a section of his book that has not been mentioned by the critics, something that has been troubling him since he sent the book out. So it is at any rate with my first novel, a realistic story of a middle-class Jewish family, I find ready answers to the critics—in my own mind. When one of them wrote: "Her men, women, and children are Jewish as all Jewry—unbiasedly so, and her very refusal to gloss over Jewry's traditional worst somehow diminishes the novel's potential power," I immediately thought—"Well, I didn't set out to write 100,000 or more sentimental words about 'Papa David' or 'The Goldbergs'." This critic went even further: "Honesty is a virtue in an author," he said, "but it is bewildering that a Jewish writer, in times like these, should delight in showing her people vulgar, degraded, grasping, contemptible, slatternly, brutal, incestuous . . . some characters are likable, even admirable, but it behooves them nothing, for the hand of God seems raised against them, and that of their own race and relatives." Yes, this eloquent denunciation went very far. My reaction was at once that it went much too far: "Did you read Thomas Wolfe's "You Can't Go Home Again!" I howled. "Would you dare say that he 'delighted' in showing the Gants (and by the way, why should the Gants be simply and precisely just what T. W. says they are, namely: the Gants; and my protagonists forthwith a whole race, an entire nation?) as degraded, slatternly, grasping, brutal, etc., etc.? Do you say that James T. Farrell 'delighted' in showing the O'Neills and the O'Flahertys and the Lonigans as vulgar, degraded, slatternly, brutal, contemptible, etc., etc.? And do you again sweepingly generalize that these are Irish as all Ireland? Perhaps the Irish are not people? Shall we cautiously say that the Gants are only the Gants, and of course partakers of 'humanity,' but the O'Flahertys are the Irish (and their portrayal need not apply to the rest of mankind), and my protagonists are 'all Jewry'? Ah, me, if Eliza Gant had been a Jew what a prototype she would be of 'Jewry's traditional worst'."

You can see that I practically foamed at the mouth. Then, since the book was not in print, but only in typescript; since this was not a reviewer, but that man who wields the big stick, a member of the editorial staff: I spread my manuscript out on the table, and unlike your interviewed 'first' novelists, I went to work. So it is with the writer of a first novel: his days are an affliction to him until the judgment day of publication puts his work beyond his reach.

Oakland, Calif.

C. SUSSMAN.

"Come on, fellows, let's spell it out!"

The "Brash Young" American

SIR: (To Noel Coward and William Rose Benét, too.) Let there be no apologies for the "brash young" American officer who spoke "in his cups." He shocked people, of course, by daring to talk in England the way countless English have talked in America ever since they found anything here to criticize, except that the English away from home are not usually forthright.

It was too bad he couldn't be smooth; too bad also he couldn't be right. He forgot that when England was "the only bulwark in our hemisphere defying tyranny," it really won the war for us. Isn't that what you were trying to say, Noel?

There are too many Americans viewing incidents of this sort with alarm because of the possible damage to lasting British-American friendship. We may as well realize and accept the fact that there can not be any such friendship, because the older nation never troubled to lay the foundations of one. The one being feverishly laid now is only temporary, strictly for the duration, and should be so treated.

JAMES WHARTON.

Weems, Va.

SIR: Says Howard Mumford Jones, in his otherwise excellent article, "Citizen or Mechanic," [*SRL*, September 18]:

> "We cannot have responsible citizens unless we believe a philosophy of free will."

O, shade of Spinoza! Is this what comes out of Harvard?

CECIL W. BROWN.

New London, Conn.

Telegram for Mr. Nock

SIR: You have already published a review of Albert Jay Nock's "Memoirs of a Superfluous Man." However, since mine is written too, I send it along. It takes the form of a telegram to the author. Here it is:

DEAR ALBERT JAY NOCK:
WILL YOU MARRY ME?

TIFFANY THAYER.

New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

◆◆ In Washington, as though publishers and booksellers didn't have enough to worry about already, the Treasury Department proposed to levy on every five-million-dollar-a-year income a tax of $4,786,570. The Treasury generously added that it would refund $250.00 of this sum when the war was over.

◆◆ In Murray Hill, a young model insisted upon reading in bed at 2 A.M., was beaten, kicked, and slashed with a razor by a roommate who said that the light disturbed her. The judge, impressed by the model's thirst for literature, wanted to know what she was reading so determinedly. It was the comics page of *The Daily News*.

◆◆ In Hoboken, John Farrar, off on a mission abroad for the O.W.I., was so excited that he left his full equipment on the pier behind him, embarked on a transport without so much as a toothbrush in his tunic.

◆◆ In Cleveland, the book buyer for a great department store heard a customer ask an inexperienced clerk, "Is the new Woollcott book in yet," watched in dazed silence while the clerk produced a copy of "Little Women!" "Did you bawl out the clerk?" she was asked. "I should say not," said the buyer. "She might have quit!" "Besides," she added, "the customer bought 'Little Women!'"

◆◆ In Westchester, Elizabeth Janeway, author of that fine first novel, "The Walsh Girls," was guest of honor at a literary luncheon. The chairman, noting that Elizabeth was not touching her food, remarked "You must feel like I do—just too nervous to eat. When it's over, I bet we'll both be ravished!"

◆◆ In Spokane, Sinclair Lewis was asked for his impression of the city, replied "Your women are so tall, your buildings so beautiful!"

◆◆ In San Francisco, Joseph Henry Jackson, of *The Chronicle*, George Stewart, author of "Storm," C. S. Forester, author of "The Ship," and a half dozen other celebrities who have not lost their sense of humor, have formed an Armchair Strategists Society. At each meeting one member draws up a series of predictions for the month to come. The document is sealed and filed. Thirty days later, he reads his oracular report aloud to the full membership. In the light of what actually has transpired in that time, his predictions, more likely than not, will sound ridiculous. That suits the club fine. The members feel that everyone, particularly radio commentators and national columnists, should organize a group like it, for the preservation of national humility and the suppression of mouth-shooter-offers.

◆◆ In Iceland, a major wired to *The Field Artillery Journal* for ten copies of a new publication. The book: "The Joy of Cooking."

◆◆ In New Georgia, (Ira Wolfert, author of "Torpedo 8," tells the story) our soldiers were bedevilled by Japs, endless rains, mud, and bugs. Only one man—a Lieutenant Mitchell—seemed unperturbed. "I asked for it," he said. "I wanted to get out of Washington at any cost!" "What was so tough at Washington?" demanded Wolfert. "People were always intruding on you there. Intruding, intruding, just bursting right in without knocking, in your office, in the bathroom, anywhere." Wolfert pointed out that there were intruders on New Georgia too. "Yes," agreed the Lieutenant, "But here at least you're allowed to shoot them."

◆◆ In Santa Anita, an air corps cadet wrote to Mary O'Hara, author of "Thunderhead": "I heard they were overcrowded here, but I've just gotten the break of a lifetime. They've quartered me in Seabiscuit's old stall!"

◆◆ In New York, Wolcott Gibbs wrote a review of Frederick Lonsdale's new play, "Another Love Story" (*New Yorker* Magazine, October 23 issue) that packs more laughs into two columns than Lonsdale could dig up in three acts.

◆◆ In Chicago, advance galleys of a piece about the *Sun* and *Tribune* book reviews, intended for this very spot, kicked up such a rumpus that we have postponed it temporarily, pending receipt of additional facts.

* * *

HENDRIK VAN LOON is writing his autobiography, and his title for it is nothing short of an inspiration: "Report to St. Peter." "The peculiar thing about this autobiography," Hendrik told a friend, "is that you will find I have put very little about myself into it." "That is most peculiar," agreed the friend, "because into all your previous books, which were not autobiographies, I found you put very much about yourself!" . . . "I am drawing the pictures for the book now," Hendrik writes me. "I hear St. Peter is quite a connoisseur and he will understand them better than most of my contemporaries. I expect to be nicely installed when you finally arrive and I will introduce you to some of our Veere friends and I will bribe Santa Culinaria to give you one of our dinners and Ben Huebsch will entertain us with a few celestial puns. This will get my wife Jimmie started with HER variety and then all of us probably will be thrown into the deepest pit of Hell." . . .

GOSSIPS ALONG Publishers' Row aver that Carl Carmer's future books will appear under the Houghton Mifflin imprint . . . that Pierre Van Paassen is also being courted by a new publisher . . . that Bill Saroyan, discharged honorably from the Army because of ill health, will be laid up for months . . . that *Coronet* magazine, since it changed its inspiration from *The Body Beautiful* to *Reader's Digest*, has zoomed over the million mark in circulation . . . that Earl Wilson, outstanding reporter of New York night life, has signed to do a book for Doubleday . . . that the new People's Book Club has over eighty thousand subscribers—a hefty mark for a first season, but somewhat under expectations of the mail-order executives . . . that another paper cut for the book trade is inevitable. Pessimists fear that the axe may fall in January, and that if it's only an additional ten per cent, the publishers will be lucky . . . that one cagey house has offered General Eisenhower one hundred thousand dollars for a book to be delivered when the war is over . . . that a leading Philadelphia journal is about to close for the North-Boutell book page service . . . and that Irita Van Doren and Darryl Zanuck are collaborating on the scenario of one of the big pictures for 1944. . . .

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN'S chicken farm now numbers more than 1300 inhabitants. The other morning the playwright sauntered out for an inspection tour. All 1300 chicks descended upon him at once. "I think these chickens expect me to say a few words," said George, and clearing his throat, he proclaimed loudly, "Chickens of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your eggs." At this point a Connecticut bantam pecked him on the left ankle. . . . Dual Book-of-the-Month Club selections for January are

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"Whattaya mean! Too young? Ask me somethin'! G'wan, ask me somethin'!"

"The Signpost," a novel about present-day Ireland by the E. Arnot Robertson who wrote the unforgettable "Four Frightened People," and George Santayana's autobiography, "Persons and Places." Macmillan and Scribner are the lucky publishers, and when I say lucky, I mean lucky: this club's monthly book distribution is soaring close to the four hundred thousand mark. . . . New book clubs and "advisory committees" are bobbing up on all sides, but their siren songs sound so phony a note that even the most susceptible boobs are beginning to hoot in derision. . . . A Portland, Oregon, bookseller asked a Putnam salesman, "How can I get fifty copies of the new Sholem Asch novel out here fast?" "That's easy," the salesman assured him. "We'll ship them apostle post." . . .

A BOOK REVIEWER for *The Nation* was reading Jean Helion's "They Shall Not Have Me" enroute from Grand Central to Croton. He had just reached the page where the author, escaping from a Nazi prison camp, was trying desperately to avoid inspection of his forged papers by a railroad official when the conductor, collecting tickets, tapped him on the shoulder. The reviewer dropped his book and screamed. The lady who shared the seat with him moved hastily to another part of the car. . . . The head of one of our largest publishing houses has installed a device that records for posterity every word that is spoken in his private office. He has vouchsafed no reason for this singular step. The mere thought of a machine that could play back to me the nonsense I utter in the course of a single day makes my brain reel. . . . Harnett Kane, author of "The Bayous of Louisiana" (Morrow), was asked by a Virginian what proportion of the bayou country was land, what proportion water. "Ma'am," he replied, "if it had been any more water, I'd be a sof' shell crab right now!" . . . The new production manager and designer for Alfred Knopf is James Hendrickson, formerly associated with Crosby Gaige, William Rudge, and Bruce Rogers. . . . Duell, Sloan, and Pearce have bagged Field Marshal Smuts's "Towards a Better World" for Spring publication. Anybody who is hazy about Jan Christian Smuts's contribution to the cause of the United Nations, is referred to Selwyn James' "South of the Congo." . . .

THE CAPITAL is laughing over the malicious proposal that directly the war is concluded, a plaque be affixed to the Pentagon Building, reading "Washington slept here." . . . A new cocktail bar on Pennsylvania Avenue is named "Chez When." . . . A new play opened at the National Theatre. One critic pronounced it a phony. "Act two," he explained, "takes place three weeks after Act One—and the heroine *has the same servants!*" . . . A Georgetown fortune-teller gazed into his crystal ball and told his young lady client that something very amusing was about to happen to her. Then he burst into uproarious laughter. The young lady rose and smacked his face. "Why did you do that?" asked the astounded clairvoyant. "My mother," she said firmly, "always told me to strike a happy medium!"

BENNETT CERF.

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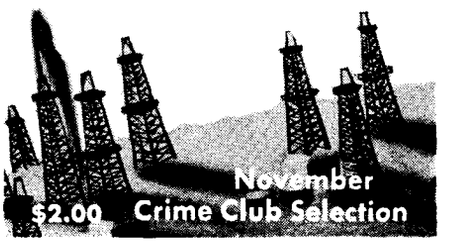

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The Janeway Girls

THE WALSH GIRLS. By Elizabeth Janeway. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 314 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

HERE is a new novelist whose name is well worth noting and remembering, for all signs point to our hearing much of her as time goes on. In this story of the love and antagonisms of two sisters, Mrs. Janeway proves that she has not only an unusual talent for distinguished, clean-cut writing but also an unusually mature mind. It is primarily a psychological study in human relationships, of the currents of fear and frustrations that underlie the polite exteriors of a small group of supposedly educated men and women in a New England town; the year 1935.

The girls are Helen, in her early thirties, beautiful, remarried, to a man she loves, but unable to free herself from the memories of a past tragedy, and the older Lydia, a spinster schoolteacher, driven by her repressions into a fiercely-defended self-sufficiency yet hopelessly entangled by her maternal love for her younger sister. Both in varying degrees love George Peterson, Helen's second husband, a solid, rather Babbitty citizen who has loved Helen since boyhood and who flounders about in the feminine storms with sympathy for both sisters but understanding neither. When the story opens Helen and George have just returned after a Florida honeymoon to his old Victorian home in Hackettston, and Helen is in the grip of a panicky fear of the new life opening before her. As she struggles to adjust herself to George, his ugly house, and the outlived friends of her girlhood, there emerges a meticulously drawn picture of an American small town still in the throes of the depression. The worried men grumble at the administration in the so-familiar pattern, the women ignoring "politics" become hard-eyed and set-lipped in their struggle with household economies. A depressing picture of dull people, limited vision, and petty gossip beside which Lewis's Main Street seems in retrospect bouncing and vital if less "refined." All the characters are presented with a psychologist's detachment. Portrayed—and betrayed—through their parties, quarrels, stream-of-consciousness musings, they have a three-dimensional validity that attests again and again to the author's penetrating insight, her sensitivity to forces below the surface. As for plot in the usual sense, there is very little. Most of it concerns Lydia who loses her house to the bank and makes a pitiful attempt to create a life of her own. The story ends with the sisters having reached an emotional adjustment in which the reader has not too much faith.

—*Pix*

Elizabeth Janeway

Louis Golding

In spite of my admiration for Mrs. Janeway's talents I must confess that I did not find her story very interesting. With the exception of the unhappy Lydia none of the characters—not even Helen—seemed to warrant the care and skill she has bestowed on them, and I was left with a profound distaste for Hackettston and no desire to meet any of its citizens again. Technique and fine characterization alone do not make a gripping novel. I believed in Mrs. Janeway's people, but I couldn't really care what happened to any of them; they are too like those one has spent a lot of time avoiding in real life, neither "bad" enough nor "good" enough to arouse a sympathetic response. The importance of "The Walsh Girls" lies mainly, I think, in the fact that it introduces to us a new and brilliant young writer. Certainly it affirms that much may be expected from her succeeding work.

Pacific Story

NO NEWS FROM HELEN. By Louis Golding. New York: The Dial Press. 1943. 262 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MR. GOLDING has raised what might have been one more war story several levels above its own significance, by means of a feat of stunning literary craftsmanship. In essence, the story is this: Danny Mather is an Englishman living with his wife and child on the Malayan peninsula, just at the time the Japs strike simultaneously here and at Pearl Harbor. The women and children are evacuated under a heavy strafing from the air, while the men fight a rear-guard action, destroying roads and stores as they can. Danny is separated from his wife and son and makes his way to England without ever knowing whether they are alive, and having reason to doubt it. At home in England another situation unrolls, involving his mother and four aunts, and the tense secrecy which shrouds the history of their father. Danny walks into this tension, all consumed as he is with the accumulated inner tension of his own experiences, the past physical danger, and the fear for his wife; between these two tensions he quite dissolves. His mind is subjected to an unbearable torsion from without and within, and we behold it attempting to set itself free by racing furiously along several streams of consciousness simultaneously.

One goes back to the Japs at Malaya, another further than that to memories of the world at peace, another comes forward to a feverish reliving of Danny's work as saboteur behind the Japanese lines, another seeks back and forth all along the line, where is Helen, Helen? And there is the present, Danny here and now inside his body waiting and suffering, and watching his aunts wind themselves in a cocoon of their remembered past. Mr. Golding once wrote a very perceptive little study of James Joyce, and he knows, himself, how to employ the simplest of Joyce's techniques, the many-levelled stream of consciousness. The suspense thus developed in this story is steady and mounting to the end, and the characters grow in stature as we watch them, by accretion, by oblique development as the varied streams of time add to them, now from one angle, now from another. Mr. Golding has told his story brilliantly and given it values that are at once topical and literary.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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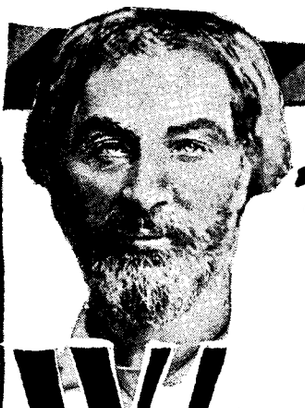

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Vardis Fisher

The Donner Party

THE MOTHERS. By Vardis Fisher. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1943. 334 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

IT IS unfortunate that the term "historical novel" is applied indiscriminately to any long narrative dealing with the past, for a new genre has been evolved in recent years which cannot be adequately described by that term. This is the retelling of an actual historical event in fictional form, using invented conversation, suspense, and a skilfully developed narrative construction that can sometimes convey the actuality of the past better than conventional historical presentation. Naturally, such a book must be true to fact and based on solid research. There have been many examples of this new form—Leonard Erlich's "God's Angry Man," Howard Fast's "The Last Frontier," and Donald Culross Peattie's "Forward the Nation" are among them. This method of presenting historical fact in fictional guise is becoming increasingly popular; it is gaining readers who would not otherwise be interested in history; and it holds great artistic possibilities for the writer. It differs from the historical novel in that it comes to grips directly with history, using only actual events and real characters.

It was inevitable that someone would use this technique to retell the story of the Donner Party, for that tragic journey was the sort of historical episode that lends itself ideally to narrative form. Here were all the elements needed to make a good story—the contrasts of heroism and cowardice, the opposing feelings of pity and callous indifference, and the dreadful suspense that comes from a day-after-day struggle against cold and hunger and death. And then, to give the added touch, the final turn of the screw, there was the seldom-used theme of cannibalism, which, to the average civilized person, is perhaps more deeply horrifying than any other.

Vardis Fisher's story of the Donner Party is cast in fictional form, but it adheres to the known facts almost as closely as the historical account of that ill-fated expedition, "Ordeal by Hunger," which George Stewart wrote a few years ago. And to the telling of this often-told tale, Fisher brings the artistry of the novelist and the skill of an experienced narrative writer. The form he chose permits no weighing of the evidence or taking of the reader behind the scenes, for once the author has started down the narrow path of a straight fictional presentation he cannot depart from it lest he destroy the illusion he has built up in the reader's mind. It makes a fascinating and gripping story that even those who are familiar with the Donners and their unfortunate traveling companions will want to read. For the tale of the ill-fated expedition, that set out in 1846 to cross the Rocky Mountains when winter was approaching, is one of the immortal episodes in American history. It has been told before, and it will doubtless be told again, although it is unlikely that a better version of it than this one will be written for some time to come.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 20

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 20 will be found in the next issue.

TFBGNXKAX SFK ZCUSF HBGXL SLX PDFBFDUBCP, PRFEX OZK RAFBLSFEX BW OZK ESCPX WLCPOLSOXP OZX XWWXEO.—WLSFERP VSEBF.

—FBJCU BLASFCU.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 19

HYPOCRISY IS THE HOMAGE WHICH VICE RENDERS TO VIRTUE.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

—Kajiwara Studio, St. Louis.

Shirley Seifert

American Type

THOSE WHO GO AGAINST THE CURRENT. By Shirley Seifert. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 612 pp. $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

HERE is a genuine bargain for the thrifty book-buyer whose taste runs to romantic historical fiction: a very long novel of adventure, carefully and lovingly documented, with a cimena-idol sort of hero busy on nine pages out of every ten; it is a yarn which will probably hold children from play and old men from the chimney corner, and certainly will hold women from their Red Cross knitting. The tale begins with the birth of Manuel de Lisa in 1772 under most extraordinary circumstances, and ends in 1820 when he submits to a medical examination to discover the cause of his disquieting lethargy and fatigue. When he is born, an Indian midwife, reputedly a witch, officiates and seemingly casts a spell on him; on the last page a former Indian concubine, now discarded, is trying her black arts, by absent treatment, on Manuel. In between these two exercises in necromancy there is nothing supernatural, but a lively account of the winning of the vast Missouri River Valley for the rapidly growing new American nation.

The author's fondness for the Missouri River is evidently as ardent as that for her hero, and this double warmth kindles the novel with a glow proper for historical romance. For it is unashamedly romance, in spite of scrupulous attention to historical detail and a conscientious sense of place and time. We watch the characters in action but we never get inside them —the noble hero and his dissolute

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brother, honest officials and corrupt officials, reliable employees and rascals, good Indians and bad Indians—there is little need for shading in such a novel of adventure, and little time as well, for the author evidently had her notebooks overrunning with anecdotes and incidents. Description is sufficient but brief; there is no padding.

The romance has two heroes. First there is Manuel, who asserts that he is *negociante,* not *politico.* Although a daring and successful man of affairs, he has little sordid love of money—as is proper in romance: for although Americans have worshipped Big Business and Success, they have always demanded, paradoxically, that their heroes of romance have little of the acquisitive instinct. The other hero is the Missouri River and its rich valleys and tributaries. At one time Spanish, then French, then American, always Indian, and until 1814 threatened by the British, it was a huge melting pot over two thousand miles long. Its dangers and treasures, its grand challenge to the pioneers give the novel its theme. The author does not glamorize the Indians. Without chauvinism, she pictures the emergence of the independent and energetic American type in this vast melting pot, and his natural rise to domination.

In Devotion to Freedom

HARRIET TUBMAN. By Earl Conrad. Washington, D. C.: The Associated Publishers. 1943. 248 *pp.* $3.25.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

ONE of the most remarkable—and least known—figures in American history is the little colored woman, Harriet Tubman, who was born a slave and who spent her life trying to free her people from bondage. She invaded the South more than a dozen times to bring groups of slaves to freedom; her adventures read like a dime novel; her acquaintanceship numbered some of the most distinguished men in New England; of her record in the Civil War, Wendell Phillips said that few captains and perhaps few colonels had done as much for the Northern cause; and John Brown called her "General."

It is unfortunate that she did not know how to write, for she might otherwise have left correspondence, diaries, or even an autobiography that would give us more information about her eventful life. In 1869, a neighbor set down some of the facts Harriet had told her and published them privately in a slim and now rare little volume entitled: "Scenes in the Life of Harriet Tubman." It was our major source of information about her until Earl Conrad, after years of trying to track down more facts, wrote this present biography.

Harriet Tubman lived as an obscure figure, for she preferred to work secretly behind the scenes. Frederick Douglass once said that the midnight sky and the silent stars were the only witnesses of her devotion to freedom. Those who knew Harriet in her heyday are dead now, and not much was written about her. The annals of the poor are necessarily short and simple, for they are usually concerned with people who were inarticulate.

Mr. Conrad had gathered all the data which time and earnest effort could uncover and has written a short and unpretentious book about her. Harriet would have liked that, for she herself was a person little given to speech and never to pretentiousness. In the long list of great Americans, hers is a small and humble figure, yet her slight frame and homely black face will be remembered for the courage she displayed and for the unceasing efforts she made in behalf of her people when they were most oppressed.

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The Great Hapsburg

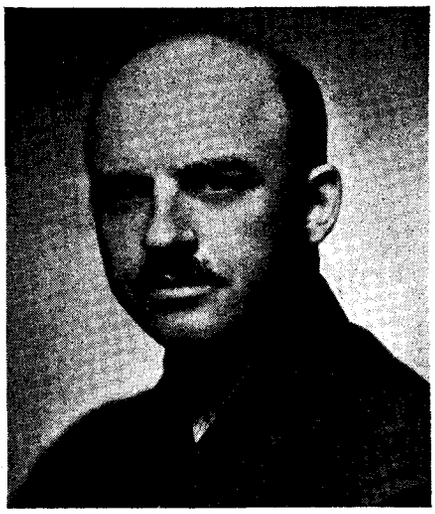
AGAINST THIS ROCK. By Louis Zara. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1943. 635 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

"MOST of the figures that stand out in history, do so through some exceptional personal quality, good or bad, that makes them more significant than their fellows. But there was born at Ghent in Belgium in 1500 a man of commonplace abilities and melancholy temperament . . . who was, through no fault of his own, to become the focus of the accumulating stresses of Europe. The historian must give him a quite unmerited and accidental prominence side by side with such marked individualities as Alexander and Charlemagne and Frederick II. This was the Emperor Charles V." Thus Mr. H. G. Wells epitomizes the subject of this biographical novel and, in so doing, expresses pretty accurately the collective judgment of scores of professional historians. Mr. Zara, as a novelist should be, is less hasty and more discerning. To him, Charles's abilities are not commonplace and the prominence accorded him in history, even in Mr. Wells's outline, is far from unmerited. He has taken infinite pains to understand the personal qualities of the most illustrious of the Hapsburgs and, having understood, has presented with scrupulous care and nicety a personality which, for the sixteenth century or any other age, is decidedly exceptional.

Charles was not obviously glamorous like his contemporary Francis I. Nor was he the victim of a boisterous egomania like his uncle Henry VIII. Unlike both of those worthies he was completely honest, a man of good will in a period notable for its treacherous princes and deceitful statesmen. He was neither stupid nor weak but his very benevolence often made him appear so to his uncomprehending rivals. He had come young to power. The Netherlands were his at the age of six. At sixteen he was virtual sovereign of Spain, at twenty Holy Roman Emperor. He found Christian Europe, of which he inherited a sizeable portion, seething with internal wars and threatened from without by the strong and ambitious Turk. New complexities were being bred out of religious differences; Luther was fulminating in Germany and the Pope was retorting from Rome. Throughout the half-century of his endeavor he sought to establish order both civil and ecclesiastic, to bring unity and peace and security not only to his own nations but to the whole of Christiandom. The task was impossible. He failed utterly, but there was nobility in the attempt and magnificence even in the failure. Exhausted prematurely, crippled with disease, he retired at the age of fifty-six, abdicating his titles to son and brother.

Louis Zara



Edmund Gilligan

Mr. Zara has produced a masterly interpretation of this elusive character. He has neglected no facet of a peculiarly intricate temperament. The statesman, the warrior; the lover, the husband, the father; the thinker, the dreamer, the doer—each is caught in a portrait that rivets the attention. And underneath all the trappings of grandeur there is always the lonely figure who tries to meet the Machiavellian guile of his opponents with sheer integrity. It is a novel that Mr. Zara has written and not a romance, but in real drama it can outmatch most of the "sword-and-cloak" variety.

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Gloucesterian Saga

THE RINGED HORIZON. By Edmund Gilligan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 299 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by C. O. TALBOT

THE Bannons who people Mr. Gilligan's Gloucester and captain the schooners which, in all weathers, fish for the cod and halibut of the Great Banks are not mere men of good will. They are giants cast in the heroic mold. Against that leviathan of modern warfare, the submarine, they are pitting the strength, the silence, and the speed of their own beloved craft, and they are achieving successes which, if a shade incredible, are nonetheless the substance of nautical yarns as gripping, as brave, and as salty as those of Marryatt or Stevenson. "The Gaunt Woman," published earlier this year, chronicled the campaign of Patrick Bannon against a peculiarly malevolent flotilla of German marauders. In this new tale, of which Patrick's cousin Sebastian is the hero, the Germans are even more treacherous and ruthless. Their leader is obviously a Gloucesterman himself, a traitor who is using the skill and the knowledge that only the fisheries could have imparted to outwit and destroy his former comrades.

Sebastian, putting out from Gloucester in *The Wild Rose,* the queen of the fishing fleet, is pursued by a submarine the conning-tower of which has been painted a flaming red. She is the flagship, as it were, of a pack. Trusting to *The Wild Rose's* speed, Bannon escapes through a squall and is thus able to give warning to a convoy for which the red monster had been waiting. From that moment, he and his beautiful ship are the objects of the Germans' particular vengeance. It is a duel to the death. There are other encounters, other escapes, until at last the red submarine is demolished, but not without the renegade captain having made his getaway on an old racing rival of *The Wild Rose,* the Nova Scotian *Cameronian.* Sebastian races her again, this time not for a trophy but to a climax that is the doom of treachery.

It is a grand, lusty tale, throbbing with excitements and as tense as a violinstring. Salt winds hurtle through it, and the unforgettable healthy reek of bait and fish flavors its pages. Also there is anger in it—the anger of guilelessness aroused at last against the malice, the duplicity of a dishonorable enemy. Mr. Gilligan, whose craftsmanship with words is something beyond the usual, has given its style an edge too seldom present in adventure stories.

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Dream Tracks

LILLIAN HARLEY. By Marian Cockrell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 261 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

MRS. COCKRELL has succeeded in combining two themes beloved by every American woman. The first is: Over the tracks to Prince Charming; the other, New York, where dreams come true.

Strait is the path and steep the ascent that leads from the East Side Baptist to St. Timothy's; from scrip dances in the gym to Christmas night dances at the Country Club: from Joe Brant, who hopes to manage a filling station, to Martin Payne, who will manage a bank. Democracy—which means that this road is now and then traversed so that one must blame failure not on circumstance but on oneself—makes more bitter each set-back along the way, adds a little more savagery to the resentment of those passed and those about to be overtaken. But Lillian Harley, Mrs. Cockrell's heroine, fought her way up by brains and by looks. Unfortunately she had spirit as well as ambition, and insisted upon being welcome, once arrived; so that when she saw that Martin's family still didn't want her, and that Martin wouldn't fight for her, she threw in her hand, and went off to New York.

There she was too busy to worry about being a lady, and so acquired a good job, friends, and a superior Long Island version of Martin, and final success—the pleasure of turning down Martin himself, now suddenly dazzled. No doubt about it, once she gets to Herald Square, every girl becomes a queen.

As long as Lillian stays in Kirkland, Lillian's chronicle is fun to read. For here is the American small town, in all its prejudices, its narrowness, its pettiness, its warmth, its generosity, its comfortableness. Kirkland is so familiar that someday looking out the train window you will find yourself at the station. If the stop-over is long, you will find your way about it easily, at home in the smell of the drug store, in the taste of the special at the Sweet Shoppe.

But once separated from Kirkland, and accompanying Lillian through metropolitan triumphs, the reader is adrift in a colorless and artificial world. Things happen and people talk with a tired and conventional smoothness, sometimes amusing, more often forced. Lillian's struggle in Kirkland is a real struggle, leaving real scars. If she is Cinderella, she is a Grant Wood Cinderella, who has escaped neither dishpan hands nor the twang of the kitchen and in whose heart there is considerable bitterness. But by the mere action of going to New York, Lillian seems to have erased the scars of her combat; nor have her new struggles cost her any new wounds. Thus it is that the sympathy one has for the dauntless child and the embittered adolescent vanishes as one reads of the beautiful young girl who moves at a model's gait through an advertising copy world.

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BY
Katharine Butler Hathaway

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" 'I love this book and I can hardly bear to leave it,' she said at the end. That will be the reader's feeling, too."—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

"Mrs. Hathaway has managed to transform what could have been merely a grotesque life into a lens through which all normal persons may more clearly see and understand their normal lives."
—CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

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The Emancipation of Diana

MRS. HEATON'S DAUGHTER. By Dorsha Hayes. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1943. 127 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

IF this is a first novel, or even a second or third, it is a surprisingly professional job. There is little trace of the amateur in Miss Hayes's handling of her characters or her situations, and the theatre background is so convincing as to suggest that writing is not her only profession.

When we first meet Mrs. Heaton she is forty, pretty, gay, and with a feminine charm that the author not only tells you about but makes you feel. Frustrated by a Puritanical father in her ambition to become an opera singer, she is living more or less rebelliously with her parents and her two children in the small town to which she has returned after a disastrous marriage. The six-year old Diana is her favorite. The child has beauty and grace, and already her mother has determined to make of her an artist, probably a famous dancer. Diana, who idolizes her pretty mother with the golden voice, accepts her destiny without question, as she does everything her mother tells her, and until she is twelve lives a happy, cloudless life. That year her mother takes her to Maine for the summer and here Mrs. Heaton falls in love with all the abandon and intensity of a sex-starved, middle-aged woman.

Diana is disturbed when she inadvertently is confronted with the nature of the relationship, but accepts without question her mother's justification of sexual love. Mother and daughter move to New York to be nearer the lover, but the lover evades marriage. Frantic with frustration, Mrs. Heaton tries to ease her despair with tippling and with a succession of other men. Life for Diana now becomes a feverish conflict between her faith in the mother she passionately loves, her own ambitions, and her deepest instincts. From then on the story becomes a psychological horror story with the girl's soul and happiness the stakes. As Mrs. Heaton sinks progressively lower, mentally and physically, the domination of her daughter's life and career becomes her sole justification for her own failures, and no means are too ruthless or vicious to accomplish her ends. Yet love still dominates the mother-daughter relationship, and Diana clings desperately to her faith in the mother of her childhood. At sixteen Diana has become a naively innocent but a disciplined young woman. She is dancing in the chorus of a Broadway musical show and has attracted the attention of the young director by her hard work and her dancing. She falls in love with the director and for a brief time knows a tenuous happiness. But Mrs. Heaton sees in this love a new threat to her plans. Mother love gradually turns to hate, but a hate camouflaged with periods of tenderness that leave Diana helpless for combat. The struggle becomes almost unbearable in its intensity. The crisis is reached on the night of Diana's first solo part and the story ends as Diana is freed at last.

This, of course, is but the bare skeleton of the main plot and gives no idea of the gripping quality of the story, or of the skill with which the author captures your sympathy for the characters. Even Mrs. Heaton in her most ruthless cruelties is a figure of pity, and Diana herself has all the aching appeal of defenseless and valiant youth in a grim world. The love scenes between her and Nick have rare poignancy, the dance and theatre background is realistic and convincing. The story is perhaps too long; the humilitations piled upon Diana may be too overwhelming; the denouement may smack of melodrama.

Dorsha Hayes

It can be conceded that, in the hands of a Frances Isles for instance, the horror might be more subtly unfolded and with more condensation. But Miss Hayes's people are vividly alive; we believe in them and suffer with them as the situations develop with mounting intensity. This means story-telling of a high order and this reviewer will watch for Miss Hayes's next.

THE FORGOTTEN ALLY

(*Continued from page* 12)

its potential challenge to British dominance in the strategic eastern Mediterranean. They set the feudal Arab ruling class against the Jewish project. Their machinations led to riots and unrest over which they pretended to have no control. The undercover policy was capped by the White Paper of 1939 which proposed a halt in Jewish immigration. That document, now the policy of His Majesty's Government, has superseded the Balfour Declaration. By next Spring it becomes fully effective and Palestine will be barred to Europe's hounded Jews. Mr. Van Paassen is certain there will be bloodshed in the mandate then, and that the civil war will be largely on the head of blind imperialists.

In an eloquent, perhaps overdrawn, chapter Mr. Van Paassen discloses the "best-kept secret" of World War II: the role played by Palestine Jewry in the defense of the Middle East. The British Eighth Army, he says, has been supported by 30,000 Zionist volunteers and 200,000 Zionist workers and farmers. This is a large statement, but there is no doubt that Palestine has made a notable and relatively unsung contribution. Mr. Van Paassen implies that the "secret" has been kept because British imperialists do not want their country to appear ungrateful. They seem now to be planning "an Arab federation, under Britain's aegis, [which] will make of the existing Jewish community an infinitesimally smill minority . . . a ghetto where Jews will be outnumbered twenty-five to one and . . . compelled to dance to the tune of Arab overlords."

"I am a friend of England," protests Mr. Van Paassen, "but a greater friend of justice." He proposes that England honor her pledge to world Jewry, turn envious Arab eyes away from little Palestine to the great, underdeveloped, fertile plain of Mesopotamia.

Mr. Van Paassen's championship of "justice" is right-hearted. His fondness for word-drunk passages often detracts from the effectiveness of his message. He has a careless way with detail: for example, he advances the battles of Stalingrad and Alamein to 1943, and he gives General Sir Bernard Montgomery command at Bir Hacheim, where General Neil Ritchie was in charge. But the finger he points at British policy needs to be given attention.

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Education for Tomorrow

EDUCATIONAL RECONSTRUCTION. (The White Paper Cmd. 6458.) *Presented to Parliament, July* 1943. *London: H. M. Stationery Office.* 36 *pp.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE FUTURE IN EDUCATION. By Sir Richard Livingstone. New York: The Macmillan Co. (Cambridge University Press). 1942. 127 *pp.* $1.25.

EDUCATION FOR A WORLD ADRIFT. The Same. 1943. 158 *pp.* 3*s.* 6*d. Macmillan, N. Y.* $1.25.

Reviewed by W. J. HINTON

BETWEEN them these pamphlets draw a clear picture of English plans for postwar education and the philosophy behind some at least of those plans; therein lies their value to American readers. They are plans and not legislation: the White Paper has been debated in the press, on the platform, and in Parliament, and almost everyone accepts it, but there is no Education Bill before Parliament as yet. Mr. Winston Churchill in his "Four Years Plan" broadcast of March 21 fixed four years as the length of the first period of transition and reconstruction which will follow the downfall of Hitler, and it is intended that the more urgent parts of the educational reforms suggested should be effected within that period. But the length of the whole process is uncertain. It will probably occupy a decade, at least.

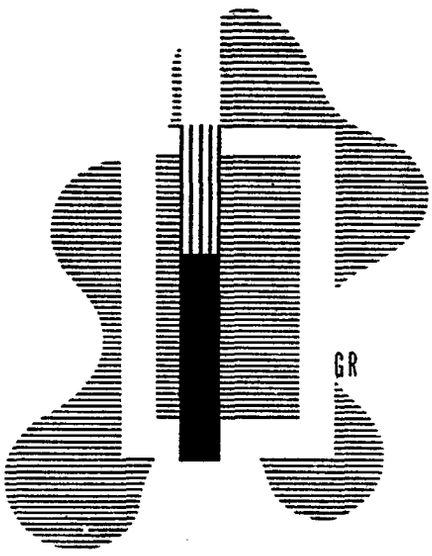
The British govenmental education system as it has evolved since 1870 has many merits, and some serious defects. Its chief defects of organization are the low age (fourteen years) at which children may leave school, the very general requirement of fees in the secondary or high school stage, and the difficulty and expense of getting a university education. Many people are critical of the so-called "public schools" which, with their preparatory schools, constitute a separate expensive system for the wealthy distinct from that provided by the Government. Of course, there are many mitigations of these defects. At least a quarter of the places in the State Secondary Schools must be filled by a "special place" examination held at eleven years of age in the elementary schools.

A boy or girl successful in this examination can be excused all fees. But even so, the educational fate of a poor boy may be decided forever by a single examination at the age of eleven. It is also true that a majority of the students in Scottish and Welsh universities, and a smaller proportion of students in English universities are drawn by scholarships from the elementary schools. Also there are some scholarships for poor boys at "public schools." Among the special merits of the English education system are the recent development of nursery schools for children under five, such educational movements as the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides which orignated in England, and the adult education movement typified by the Workers Educational Association, and recent interesting developments of Army Education—for example, the Army Bureau of Current Affairs. Dr. Livingstone adds to them, as a distinctive British contribution, the "residential" schools and colleges.

The White Paper on Educational Reconstruction does not deal with the place of the "public school" in the British educational system. That matter is being considered by the "Fleming Committee appointed by the Government in June 1942. Nor does it deal with the training of teachers —essential to all new schemes, that matter being under consideration by the McNair Committee." But it has taken into account the report of the Norwood Committee on the curriculum and examinations in secondary schools, the only one of the three to show a complete report so far.

Among the many proposals for reconstruction in the "White Paper" the following are closely related to the merits and defects which have attracted more attention in the U.S.A.

School attendance will be compulsory only from the age of five, as before, but nursery schools for the training of children below the compulsory school age are to be provided wherever they are needed. The war has proved the immense value of



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FOR VICTORY
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nursery schools and they are to become a permanent part of the system. Then, the school age is to be raised to fifteen, without any exemption, and provision is to be made for raising it to sixteen at a later date. Secondary school education is to begin at eleven and is to be free to all. Instead of the "special place" examinations which formerly decided the educational fate of the poor boy, all children will be passed to an appropriate type of secondary school on their school record in consultation with their parents and guided by intelligence and performance tests where necessary. There will be three kinds of secondary schools, Grammar Schools, new Modern Schools which will absorb the existing senior elementary schools and have a curriculum laying more stress on practical subjects after the age of thirteen, and Technical Schools which will be developed out of the present Junior Technical Colleges and greatly multiplied. At present the Grammar Schools enjoy greater social prestige than either the Senior Schools or the Technical Colleges.

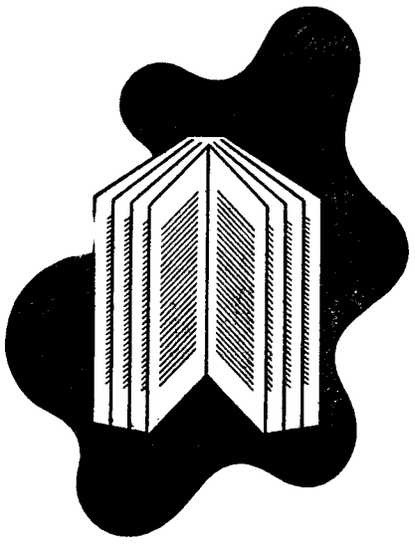
WE recognize that it will be essential to secure equal social prestige for all three types. So far as this can be done by provision of buildings and equipment and teachers, it will be done, but constant effort will be necessary owing to the prestige of the white-collar worker in a society like ours. Perhaps the development of training in engineering for all classes during the war will help, and much will depend on the prestige of the further technical education to which they may lead.

If any pupil has been wrongly allotted at the age of eleven, he can be transferred up to the age of thirteen to one of the other two types of schools. After the age of fifteen, what is called "further education" begins. These ages of eleven to thirteen are not absolutely rigid limits; allowance is made for variations in development. Those students who do not continue in the secondary school to the age of eighteen will nevertheless be required to attend Young Peoples Colleges for "further education," for periods equivalent to attendance at the rate of one day a week up to the age of eighteen. Employers will be required to release young people for this purpose. Considerable elasticity in the arrangements will be allowed; thus, Rural Colleges may be used for a continuous term by the country boys during the dead season in the winter and by town boys as camps during the summer. Or attendance may be spread more thinly.

As a university career does not await most scholars, steps are proposed to prevent all the teaching and examinations in the secondary schools being warped by the requirements of University Entrance and Scholarship examinations as they are at present. It is provided that schools and colleges supported by the state may become residential. In this way some of the advantages of the "public school" may be secured and the Young Peoples Colleges can develop that kind of social life. Boards of Governors of parents and others are to be set up so that any secondary school may have the advantage of influential sponsors in the same way as a proprietary residential school now has. Entry to the universities for those who cannot pay the fees will still depend upon a scholarship examination, but the scholarships will be made up to amounts sufficient to take full care of the student's needs so that he may not miss any necessary social activities. The principle is laid down that no boy who can profit by a university career should be deprived of it by reason of his parents' poverty. That will mean many more scholarships. Mr. Winston Churchill's statement of principle in his broadcast of March the 21st expressed the general feeling.

> We must make sure that the path to the higher functions through our society and Empire is really open to the children of every family. Whether they can tread that path will depend upon their qualities tested by fair competition. All cannot reach the same level, but all must have their chance.

Sir Richard Livingstone is a conservative in educational matters. His career as set out in "Who's Who" shows that he has had and profited by every educational advantage that England can bestow except the not unimportant advantages of the gutter. From the school boy at Winchester to the President of Corpus Christi College at Oxford the "curriculum vitae" is perfect, and yet his proposals fit well with these reforms. True Sir Richard takes a poor view of universities other than Oxford and Cambridge, or at least of British universities where the students do not reside in some sort of hall or college. Then again, both books are written in what might be called Senior Common Room colloquial, as distinct from University Mandarin. This medium is witty, sometimes wise, often insolent, always penetrating, a mosaic of classical allusions and sprinkled with quotations in two "dead" languages and some living ones. Those who much dislike this manner should not read these books, and there will be many in Wales and Scotland, and in the Provincial Universities of England, whose reactions will be unfavorable. But all the same Sir Richard Livingstone does go to the root of the matter. He may exaggerate the merits of the particular kind of education which produced him. We are all apt to do that. But he is determined that every boy and girl in England who can profit by the best education to be had in England should get that education. Also he has clear ideas for improving the existing best. Here is Sir Richard speaking of a working-class audience which discussed the future of education with him.



> Their keenness was inspiring, their criticism acute and searching. But their interest was wholly in one side of the problem—in the provision of proper educational facilities, in equality of opportunity, in securing a fair chance to every child, irrespective of the position of its parents. They wanted more education but did not ask what it was to teach. This attitude is natural and right. In any age of social change and in a society like our own where opportunity has hitherto not been equal, the problem of equal opportunity demands to be solved, and rightly fills the mind. But there is a danger that it may overfill it, engross the attention with educational machinery and make us so concerned with providing schools that we do not consider what is to be taught inside them.

SIR Richard Livingstone goes on to talk a great deal of sense about what should be taught inside schools and what can be taught to adults. He pins his faith mainly to history, especially biography, and to literature, and boldly lays down that for us in the West at least the essential basis in religion and philosophy which must underlie all effective education is to be sought in the Christian tradition derived from the Greeks and the Hebrews.

Evidently his countrymen agree with him on this last point for an agreed syllabus embodying the fundamentals of that tradition is proposed in the White Paper for all schools

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and provision is also made for more definite religious instruction where the parents desire.

We must wait to see what is decided about the Public Schools. It is very unlikely that anything will be done to increase the differences between them and the state school system; they are, and will remain, rich men's schools. In this reviewer's opinion little is to be gained by sending more poor boys to rich men's schools, though much might be gained by more rich boys going to the schools of the common people. In any case it seems certain that economic conditions will be such in England after the war that many who would have desired and tried to send their children to some kind of proprietary school will not be able to afford this and will now have the opportunity to devote that loyalty and enthusiasm and interest to the schools which they share with their neighbors. And there is not the slightest reason why those schools should not now become as great and famous and successful in their way and for their own merits as the most ancient foundation in the land. In this, as in so many other ways, Old England is moving from a past of privilege to a future of equality.

Upstate Railroading

CLEAR THE TRACKS, the Story of an Old-Time Locomotive Engineer. By Joseph Bromley, as told to Page Cooper. New York: Whittlesey House. 1943. 287 *pp.* $2.75.

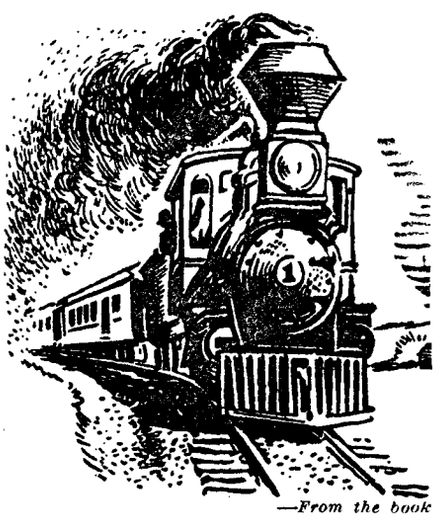
Reviewed by EDWARD HUNGERFORD

THE center of his universe was Utica, New York. Utica was, still is, one of the important stations on the four-track main line of New York Central, but young Joseph Bromley wotted not of that. He preferred to work for those doughty little single-trackers, the Black River road and the Chenango Valley which ran, respectively, both north and south from the "pent-up town" by the Mohawk and the Erie Canal. Perhaps to a boy of sixteen they were not so awe-inspiring as the mighty Central. At any rate, John Bailey, the master mechanic of the Utica & Black River Railroad, with his "long white beard, waved as carefully as a woman's hair," was more approachable than any of the big-wigs of the Central. And on a raw December evening in 1880, young Joseph Bromley went to work for John Bailey, as a call-boy in the old roundhouse of the Black River road at Utica. At ninety cents a day, for a twelve-hour day, or rather night.

His job was to arouse the engineers and the rest of the train-crews for their work. There were, of course, no telephones in those days and a call-boy's job in the dead of a Central New York winter's night was none too easy a task—at fifteen cents an hour! But young Joseph Bromley—soon they were calling him "Nobby"—knuckled in, and won John Bailey's approval.

His first call, and his first friend upon the railroad, was tough, lazy, cantankerous Phil Doubleday, who became the boy's friend and advisor and who, a few months later, was to die in his arms in the cab of the old "Butterfly" (Engine No. 1, U. & B. R. R. R. the *Theodore Butterfield*) as she coasted down Trenton Falls hill. Thereafter Nobby was to know many of the top-of-the-rail men, but it always was Phil Doubleday who remained his most cherished memory amongst them. It was Phil Doubleday who taught him, first to be a fireman, on one of the old Black River road's wood-burners, and then to be an engineer.

From the Black River road Nobby went to the Chenango Valley—long since a part of the Lackawanna. It led south from Utica to a junction with the main line at Binghamton in the Southern Tier. Lackawanna always has been primarily a coal road and so its brisk little engines burned anthracite instead of the slabwood that still was being used up in the North Country. Nobby had to learn how to lay the coal in the fire-box, a far harder task than wood. But in a brief twenty-four hours he mastered the coal-burner and so won the approval of critical one-eyed Tom Thacher, the master mechanic of the Chenango Valley, who was a differ-



—*From the book*

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—*Ferdinand Mann,*
Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

October 5, 1943

*Believe it or not, the ad cost only $3.70.

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ent sort from kindly old John Bailey of the Black River road.

It is a fine, moving, intensely human story that Joseph Bromley tells of his forty years of railroading up York State. His observant eyes and ears, his retentive memory, missed nothing. . . . The rough, uncouth, good-natured, ill-natured souls that manned the rails in those days are finely delineated . . . the quarrels and bitterness between the railroaders and the canallers at Utica . . . the endless battle of the railroad against its men overindulging in liquor and in beer . . . the hard working conditions of that day and age . . . all come actively into the picture.

There is the almost-to-be-expected episode of the young girl in a blue-ruffled dress and pig-tails who watched each morning to greet the Richfield Springs local and who, one fine morning, was astounded when it stopped at the crossing for her, while the young engineer assisted her up into the cab and took her into the Springs for a binge in that gay resort while the local idled for a few hours at the end of its run. That was the day when Richfield Springs was tops—"higher and cooler than Saratoga," it advertised itself. Brakes and coaches, smart equipages of every sort, filled its streets and there was a Wagner parlor-car from New York into the place each summer's day, filled with the swells and their limitless luggage. Unfortunately for Nobby and for literary romance, he never saw the girl again. The next day they gave him an important Utica-Binghamton run and he never went again within fifty miles of the Springs.

The book is as New Yorky as apple-pie, with Herkimer County cheese on the side; and yet its railroad spirit is all-embracing. A railroader a railroader always is, no matter whether he is running a train in Maine or in California. Joseph Bromley might have worked for Bangor & Aroostock or for Southern Pacific, and still have been the same bright-eyed little Nobby, winning friends at every turn and, despite his smallish size, mastering all the fine details of his calling. He used to say that with a monkey wrench and a crane and of course the necessary parts he could build a locomotive himself. Most of those old-time roads did build their own engines. Especially upon the Lackawanna which for years was run as a collection of highly individualized roads, each with its own taste and variety in rolling-stock of every sort.

Mr. Bromley has made a distinct contribution to the steadily growing railroad literature of America. The spirit of his book, as well as its human understanding, will appeal to every railroad fan—of which there are hundreds of thousands. It is a human document, in the fullest sense of the word.

POISON GAS AND THE COMING PEACE

(*Continued from page 4*)

in the field of boasting and for several generations were the laughing stock of the world. Indeed it was long considered one of our most characteristic and least attractive traits—which we could explain away as the mark of a young and enthusiastic people making up for a feeling of inferiority and not knowing any better. Whatever the explanations, our unrestrained praise for our own "glorious institutions," virtues, fighting ability, and mechanical genius aroused both amazement and contempt in other peoples.

That literary harridan, Mrs. Frances Trollope, cited a number of shining examples, including the following from Edward Everett, Congressman from Massachusetts, later Senator, Governor, Minister to England, and President of Harvard. "We are authorized to assert," said Professor Everett, "that the era of our independence dates the establishment of the only perfect organization of government. Our government is in its theory perfect and in its operation it is also perfect. Thus we have solved the great problem in human affairs."

The United States Journal of 1845 felt authorized to make a somewhat similar assertion: "It is a truth, which every man may see, if he will but look . . . that we the American people are the most independent, intelligent, moral and happy people on the face of the earth."

Forty years later Andrew Carnegie took up the theme in the very first sentence of his "Trimphant Democracy":

> The old nations of the earth creep on at a snail's pace; the Republic thunders past with the rush of the express. . . Already the nations which have played great parts in the world's history grow small in comparison. In a hundred years they will be as dwarfs, in two hundred mere pigmies to this giant; he the Gulliver of nations, they but the Lilliputians who may try to bind him with their spider threads in vain.

It was not long before many of the leaders of our triumphant democracy

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

INVENTORS IN LITERATURE

This week's quiz is concerned with ten members of that interesting category of characters, the inventors. From the brief descriptions given below, can you identify them? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can recall the story in which he appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 30.

1. Sitting on a very hard bench in chapel gave this young man the idea of putting pneumatic seats in men's trousers.

2. When the plans of this inventor's submarine were found on the body of a naval arsenal clerk, the government called upon a famous consulting detective to solve the mystery.

3. This military man had a queer-shaped box to keep clothes and sandwiches in—his own invention—which he carried upside-down so the rain couldn't get in.

4. With the arrival of Prohibition he divided his time between searching for whiskey and pondering a DEE-vice to be used on airplanes, automobiles, and "purty nigh everything that's got wheels onto it."

5. This shrewd Yorkshireman made so much money from his invention of the Self-Doffing Spindle that he retired and traveled to California with his wife and daughter.

6. With a flying machine of his own invention this youthful farmer intended to astonish the crowd at a Fourth of July celebration in the 1870's.

7. An anti-gravity substance named for its inventor enabled him to be the first man on the moon.

8. When he defeated at its own game the chess-playing automaton he had invented, the machine in a burst of anger reached out and strangled him.

9. The Complete Sleep Prolonger, an arrangement of alarm clock key and lead weight which shut the window and opened the hot air register, was the invention of this Lawrenceville school boy.

10. When the mechanical men that this inventor manufactured were endowed with intelligence and a capacity for enjoyment by his chief chemist, they revolted against mankind.

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began to take up manfully "the white man's burden." Here the most heated voice was that of Senator Albert Jeremiah Beveridge of Indiana who had the doubtful privilege of anticipating Hitler with his racial rhetoric. For instance:

> The Republic could not retreat if it would; whatever its destiny, it must proceed. For the American Republic is a part of a race—the most masterful race of history and race movements are not to be stayed by the hands of man. They are mighty answers to divine commands.

And again:

> God has not been preparing the English-speaking and Teutonic peoples for a thousand years for nothing but vain and idle self-contemplation and self-admiration. No! He has made us the master organizers of the world to establish system where chaos reigns.

After the First World War had gone on for nearly four bloody years, American troops plunged into the fighting and *helped greatly* in bringing about the Allied victory. That is unquestionably true. But the unqualified statement, that "We won the war," was not only untrue but an infuriating insult to the Belgians, French, and British who had died by the millions. The statement was made, none the less, frequently and loudly, as we retired to our tentative isolation and proceeded to look down smugly on the absurd troubles of Europe and Asia. It was from that height of normalcy that the inimitable Warren Gamaliel Harding was able to intone the following: "We Americans have contributed more to human advancement in a century and a half than all the people in the world in all the history of the world." How much that sentence must have endeared us to all the others.

Now, in the midst of another great war, we may expect all sorts of generous and extravagant remarks from officers proud of their troops, from soldiers proud of their comrades. We may expect wild and reckless claims from cheap politicians and yellow journalists. But we may hope for much discretion and restraint on the part of our accredited correspondents and our official spokesmen. After all, we are fighting this war with allies, some thirty allies which with us compose the United Nations. Tact, courtesy, team loyalty, forbids loose boasts or invidious comparisons that can only embitter our friends, now or later. Yet here is a comparatively innocent sentence that could do no good. "I talked to . . . some of the American generals under Eisenhower—who are, I think, the best in the world, young, vigorous, tough and aggressive." How would that sentence strike the "young, vigorous, tough and aggressive" generals of the Russian Army who have fought through two terrible years? How would it strike General Alexander and his rather competent staff? How indeed would it go down with the Greek, Chinese, or Yugoslavian officers who have done such wonders with so little? It would not go down well at all, but simply convince them further that the Anglo-Saxon sense of superiority is incurable.

For a final specimen, take the post-war plan of Clarence Budington Kelland, former executive director of the Republican National Committee. Various alliances and trusteeships would establish four zones of safety for the United States but if these fail there would be a fifth zone—which has drawn most attention and enthusiasm. The United States must be impregnable with a five-ocean navy and an air force to stand alone. Certain bases must be taken by treaty or by occupation. Dakar and Casablanca "must be ours in permanence, ours to fortify and make strong." All this and much more "to the end that America will be wholly American . . . and wholly secure."

Was not the Maginot Line supposed to be impregnable? Did not Goering promise that no bombs would fall on Germany? It has become absurd for any single nation to think of being impregnable or wholly secure—alone. Such grandiose arrogance is dangerous folly when men of good will throughout the world see that the only hope lies in some form of collective security. Of course, the Kelland plan was made for home consumption, to win support for a party out of office, and was not intended to have repercussions abroad. Unfortunately it will not stop at our shores but echo around the globe as an indication of what the United States expects to do and be.

That specimen brings our collection down to date. Countless others might be added, some better, some worse, but the point is always the same—a reckless assertion of superiority that is obviously false or obviously unprovable. No people has a monopoly on intelligence, nobility, courage, and those who claim it simply follow Hitler and his ilk. If these nationalistic boasts had no consequences, they could be dismissed as ludicrous hot air. But they have grim consequences. They arouse anger, bitterness, hostility, in other nations. They rankle and are remembered at peace tables—and long afterward.

In this world that is rapidly becoming an island, the person who makes partisan appeals at home without considering their effects abroad is viciously irresponsible. We hear much about the need of psychological warfare in order to disintegrate our enemies. Why not give a little thought to psychological peacefare—in order to keep our friends!

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE WILD MAN MURDERS *Theodora DuBois* (Crime Club: $2.)	The sleuthing McNeills—husband and wife—solve fatal-push-murder and tangle with a tough outfit.	Ebullient mixture of murder and subversive activities, with the detectives getting some rough handling before it all ends.	Pleasant
THE LADY IN THE LAKE *Raymond Chandler* (Knopf: $2.)	Mr. Marlowe, Calif shamus, undertakes to find vanished wife of perfume maker and runs into several murders.	About as tough as they come—plus an air-tight plot, interesting characters, copious action, and ace-high writing.	Extra good
THE MYSTERY OF SWORDFISH REEF *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2.)	Australian sleuth, Napoleon Bonaparte, swaps bush for ocean in hunt for boat and its occupants.	"Bony" does customarily excellent job of deducing and reveals prowess as fisherman as well. An early Upfield of considerable merit.	O. K.
MEAT FOR MURDER *Lange Lewis* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Hollywood scenic artist found dead in courtyard of outlandish palazzo. Detective Tuck and asst. Brigid solve it.	Plenty of fantastic local color, raft of exotic characters, believable sleuth, and speedy doings all the way.	—If you like Hollywood yarns
LOOK YOUR LAST *John Stephen Strange* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murder of man wanted in Congressional inquiry starts Barney Gantt on trail of killings with international ramifications.	First-class mystery, good characters, puzzle that holds to the end, serious touches of value, and oceans of action.	Swell!

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The Phoenix Nest

THE other day in Ward Morehouse's column, "Broadway After Dark," I read of an actor named William Wadsworth, now in "3 Is A Family" who was born at Pigeon Cove, Mass., on the tip of Cape Ann, seven miles from Gloucester. As I am now a confirmed Pigeon Cover myself I was glad to hear that he ate his broiled oysters with bacon Cape Ann style. One denizen of the deep that you can get better on Cape Ann than anywhere else is lobster. Mr. Wadsworth's family moved from Pigeon Cove to Topeka, Kansas; but I intend to stay right there four months of the year, every year, if I can.

Lately I saw the pre-view of a new moving-picture made from Richard Tregaskis's book, "Guadalcanal Diary" and simply called "Guadalcanal." In the projection room at Twentieth Century-Fox I sat enthralled for the full length of the picture. There are very few concessions in it to hamminess. The sentiment in it is handled pretty strictly. The photography is sometimes superb. I shall not forget for a long time the men going ashore on the beach and advancing against a hidden enemy. The men are presented as just the kind of ordinary everyday individuals they are—capable of resolution and endurance and even heroism—but talking and acting as soldiers do talk and act. The Marine Corps should be proud of the picture. But in the scene where one character admits, under intense bombing, that the whole thing is a great deal too big for him, and makes his own queer statement of faith, it is hard luck that the picture couldn't use that best statement of all concerning faith and battle, at least the best I have ever heard. It was, "In the foxholes there are no atheists."

My comments on Kipling seem to have appealed to Lewis S. Frambes, Jr., of Bayonne, N. J., and to Jay Lewis of the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*. I thank them for their letters. Mr. Frambes calls Kipling's "Letters of Marque" one of the most honest travel-books ever penned, and says that the following paragraph particularly impressed him. He thinks that the bitter knowledge in the last sentence is being acquired dearly by our armies:

> If the changes and chances of military service ever send you against Japanese troops, be tender with their cavalry. They mean no harm. Put some fusees down for the horses to step on, and send a fatigue-party out to pick up the remnants. But if you meet Japanese infantry, led by a Continental officer, commence firing early and often and at the longest ranges compatible with getting at them. They are bad little men who know too much.

Jay Lewis quotes, "They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn." My comment, in vulgar parlance, is "Yea, Bo!" He continues:

> You seem interested in odd little magazines: have you seen any reference to *The Mahogany Tree*, which made its appearance in Boston when *Two Tales* was still published and Jack Mason, Edgar Davenport, and a handsome youth who used the name Nat Hartwig were matinée idols and Miriam O'Leary was the beloved of all critics who went to the Boston Museum to see the best of all stock companies?

Joseph J. Firebaugh of the Department of English of the University of Missouri sends me a limerick composed by Benjamin W. Early, of the University of North Carolina:

There is a young author Saroyan
Whose style is too sweet and too cloyan;
His continued insistence
On the joys of existence
Can sometimes be very annoyan.

This summer I was reading a little about Hogarth, and the following sonnet was the outcome. Perhaps its only merit is that it is all true!

A WALLED GARDEN

(To Hogarth's dust, "great painter of mankind")

There Hogarth's bullfinch rests. *"Alas, poor Dick!"*
The carved stone read, against the garden wall,
When the great limner still was with the quick
And his old mulberry tree branched wide and tall
Where foundling children feasted on its fruit
When Chiswick was a place of field and lane
For "Nature's school," before the rising bruit
Of the industrial cities of the Plain.
The bright-eyed satirist died in Leicester Square
Whose crayon caught "the business of the scene,"
But only briefly did he linger there,
Returning soon to haunts where he had been
One, with his bullfinch, of the country kind,
"Whose pictur'd Morals" (*Garrick*) "chain the mind."

And so long as I seem to be making this a sort of poetry issue of the *Nest*, the following diversion upon the queues we all get into these days, from my friend in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, seems worthy of a place:

BALLADE OF THE ILL-STARRED CITIZEN

Why, Lady Luck, am I your whipping post?
Why have you made my life so darn complex?
Am I the one, my dear, you hate the most
Of all my great and proud and worthy sex?
Not that I merit much in most respects,
Not that I wish for more than's rightly mine,
But tell me what I've done the fates to vex—
Why am I always last in the *wrong* line?

In every theatre from coast to coast,
At railroad windows from New York to Tex.,
In cafeterias I get my toast,
In banks I patronize to cash my checks—
I'm followed by this irritating hex,
I'm harried by this thing most undivine;
I think I've had enough, and "I objects"—
Why am I always *last* in the wrong line?

I'm running out of words to rhyme with "oast,"
And scarcer yet the words that end in "ex,"
Still, as I contemplate this eerie ghost.
My patience wavers and my wrath collects;
And some day I will break their paltry necks—
These people crowding in ahead like swine—
I'll mow 'em down, I will; I'll clear the decks!
Why am *I* always last in the wrong line?

L'Envoi

Princess, lay off! Haven't you overdosed
Your prey? I'll cry "Enough!" you porcupine.
You win! You have made good your inane boast
To land me *always* last in the last line!

—PAUL H. OEHSER

Nothing like having kind friends who help you out with contributions when your apartment has just been painted and you can't find anything you want anywhere! Yours amid chaos,

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Theodore Gumbril, Jr., in "Antic Hay," by Aldous Huxley.
2. "The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans," by Conan Doyle.
3. The White Knight, in "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll.
4. Clem Hawley, in "The Old Soak," by Don Marquis.
5. Sam Small, in "The Flying Yorkshireman," by Eric Knight.
6. "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," by John Townsend Trowbridge.
7. Cavor, in "The First Men in the Moon," by H. G. Wells.
8. Moxon, in "Moxon's Master," by Ambrose Bierce.
9. Dink Stover, in "The Varmint," by Owen Johnson.
10. Rossum, in "R. U. R.," by Karl Capek.

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The Crostics Club

IT is not my province, else I'd devote this column today to choice selections from the new compilation, "the lives and times of archy and mehitabel." I bought it knowingly in Toronto to relieve the long train ride ahead. The whole trip became one chuckle and I've been spilling over ever since. In his jacket comment Christopher Morley thinks there are "still unlucky readers who don't know how *gorgeous* archy and mehitabel are." "It is the wisest collection of American irreverence written in our time, but don't read it too soon after an operation," he concludes. It should verily top best-seller lists for years to come!

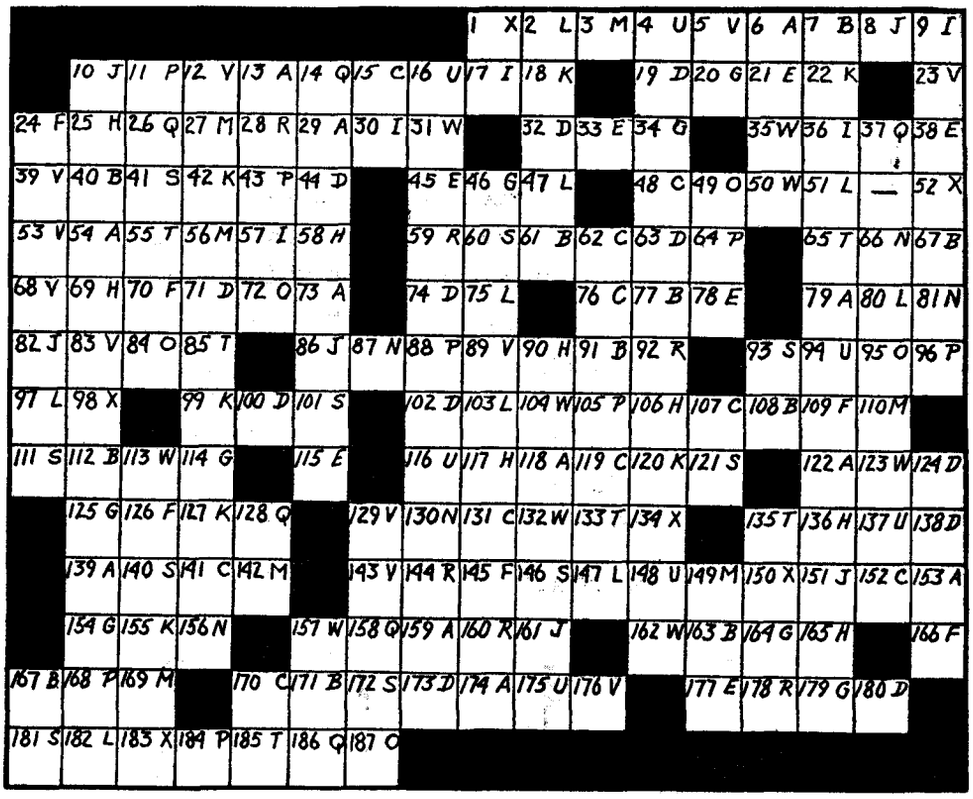
Says our ever-ready help in times of doubt, S. B., "Those who object to 'hittsy-missy' evidently think it has the familiar baby-talk suffix *y*, as in *comfy* or all *rightie*, and might be less peeved if they knew it was just an eased pronunciation of 'hit I, miss I.' It came into the English language long ago and in our generation was repeatedly used by William T. Stead in his writings."

About two years ago Mrs. Louis Neville, Wellesley Hills, reported that Katharine Faulkner had chanced to meet over the table in a crowded Schrafft's lunchroom in New York a lady from Washington, D. C., who not only did DCs but had been introduced to them by a close friend of Mrs. N's in Wellesley Hills. Later we learned that Katharine's tablemate was Mrs. William Hard, well-known writer and lecturer and wife of the Dean of Washington journalists. In a recent letter Mrs. Hard comments on the meeting as an aspect of what she feels is a fact; namely, that DCs are practically a cult. She further relates how, while doing DCs to lighten the tedium of a railroad trip and stumped by something about Rome, she turned to a Catholic Priest whom she spied in the Pullman, whereupon ensued a wonderful time listening to his reminiscences of when he was there in the American College.

Quoting from a detective story by Anthony Boucher, Mrs. Hard tells of the protagonist who makes the acute observation that "in composing puzzles for the Dear American Public you must be sure to make them just hard enough but not *too* hard because the principal pleasure the solver gets out of them is the sense of being very clever in getting the answer." (My trouble, I guess, is that I haven't yet divined the yardstick of a composite *DC* solver!)

Our fellow puzzler, Harvey Officer, N. Y., according to the *Hemidemisemiquavers* in *The New York Times*, has just set Sherlock Holmes to music. A charter member of the Baker Street Irregulars, he has produced "A Baker Street Song Book" of ballads and "A Baker Street Suite" for violin and piano.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 502

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 23 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. N. E. author of "The Day of Doom" (1662).

B. Popular moralistic romance by Martha Cummins (1854—with *The*).

C. Overlaps like tiles.

D. Shade-loving, as certain plants.

E. Middle Persian language of literature.

F. Bay off Alabama, scene of Civil War engagement, Aug. '64.

G. A sloping roof as of a penthouse (Arch.)

H. Pertaining to death.

I. Pertaining to a *word* coined for a particular occasion.

J. Not equitable in one's dealings.

K. A nomad.

L. Beautiful of countenance (comp.)

M. State of being reconciled (obs.)

N. The last movement of a usual sonata.

O. First name of Virginia woman novelist (1874-).

P. Used for the soul, mind, or stomach (2 wds.)

Q. Aphoristic.

R. Harmful; hurtful.

S. Bloodletting.

T. Unfolded; unrolled.

U. Librettist of Damrosch's opera from "The Scarlet Letter."

V. Not capable.

W. N. Y. State Lake site of Naval victory, 1814.

X. Barked shrilly and often.

WORDS

159	54	174	79	118	73	153	139	6	13	20	122
77	103	61	108	40	67	91	112	7	167	171	
119	62	170	131	107	15	76	152	141	48		
71	19	180	32	74	102	100	138	44	63	173	124
38	115	33	78	45	21	177					
145	24	166	70	109	126						
20	125	154	179	164	34	46	114				
136	165	106	25	117	58	90	69				
57	36	17	9	30							
82	151	86	10	8	161						
18	120	22	155	42	99	127					
51	182	147	103	75	2	97	80	47			
27	142	110	149	56	169	3					
66	87	81	156	130							
187	95	72	49	84							
96	64	105	168	88	11	184	43				
26	128	158	37	14	186						
92	144	59	160	178	28						
93	140	41	101	181	60	111	172	146	121		
135	65	85	185	133	55						
137	16	148	175	4	94	116					
5	68	39	129	23	89	143	176	83	53	12	
35	162	113	132	157	50	123	104	31			
98	52	183	1	150	134						

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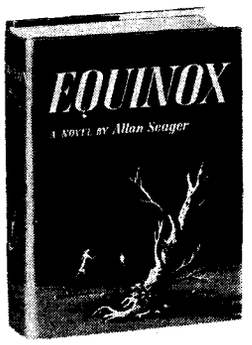
THERE HAS PROBABLY never been a time in publishing history when so many good books are being published, and when, as well, so many books are attaining large audiences.

We believe the books listed here, which we happen to have published, to be among those good books. They resemble each other only in that fact. But each one has to a certain extent proven itself by the acid test of public acceptance. We hope that among them you will find one or more which pleases your own taste, or that of a friend for whom you may be planning a gift.

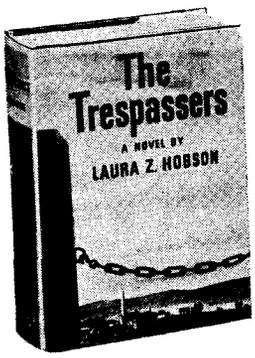
SIMON AND SCHUSTER · ROCKEFELLER CENTER · N.Y.



EQUINOX

by Allan Seager

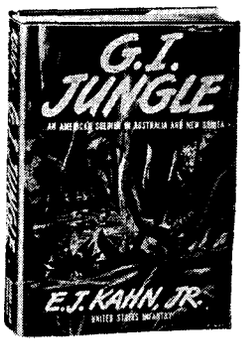
This is a novel concerned with one of the most delicate subjects ever treated fictionally, the pathological love of a daughter for her father. It also contains one of the most hateful villains to be found between book covers. "Better try it," writes Clifton Fadiman in *The New Yorker*. 38th thousand. Price $2.75



THE TRESPASSERS

by Laura Z. Hobson

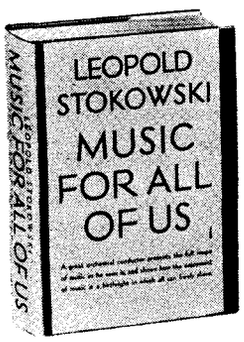
Two intertwined themes form this powerful novel: the story of the unwanted refugees whose lives have been devastated by the war and the story of the love of an American woman for an American man. "It is a tale of great strength and beauty."—The New York *Herald Tribune*.
Price $2.75



G. I. JUNGLE

by E. J. Kahn, Jr.

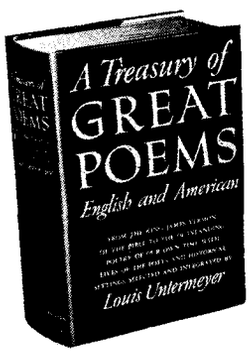
E. J. Kahn, Jr., formerly of *The New Yorker*, tells of the American soldier's life in the Jap and fever-infested South Pacific. His book is as courageous and witty and friendly as a letter home—no heroics, but the story of our boys doing their job supremely well. Second printing. Price $2.00



MUSIC FOR ALL OF US

by Leopold Stokowski

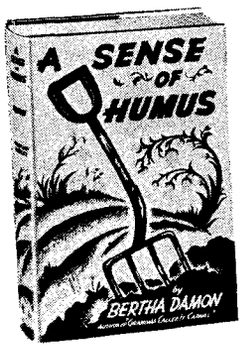
"To those who have hitherto been intimidated by esoteric talk about music, frightened by the pompous jargon of experts, or plain mystified by great music itself, *Music For All Of Us* will be as refreshing as an October wind in a Philadelphia July." —Charles Lee, in the *Philadelphia Record*. Third printing. Price $2.50



A TREASURY OF GREAT POEMS

Edited by Louis Untermeyer

"Here," writes William Rose Benet, "is a book for evil days, a book like a fortress, wherein you will come upon the most magical and beautiful creations of man's imagination." 980 enduring poems, 1300 pages, 100,000 words of brilliant text by the editor. Price $3.75



A SENSE OF HUMUS

by Bertha Damon

People who love laughter say this is a book of wit and humor and wisdom concerning life in general. Gardeners say it's a book about gardening. John Kieran says: "It's a swell book. I enjoyed not only the atmosphere, but the artistry all the way through." 30th thousand. Price $2.50

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